THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. LITTELL in 1844

NO. 3959

MAY 22, 1920

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

IRELAND

THE diversity of views regarding the Irish situation, expressed in the British press, is so great that it is practically impossible to make a census of opinion upon that subject. One fact, however, seems to be evident. The policy of coercion is losing prestige. The most outspoken article, arguing the other side of the case, that we have seen is in a recent issue of the *New Statesman*, from which we quote the following:

> If we offer Ireland unconditional freedom we can win her. If we maintain our present indefensible and insensate policy of coercion we shall lose her — perhaps forever. That is the real alternative to-day. Ireland will never be a willing member of the British Commonwealth until she has been offered the free choice of complete independence if she so wills. We may reasonably attach conditions to the offer. We may insist that no decision shall be taken until a certain, perhaps prolonged, period shall have elapsed — long enough for the passions of to-day to have burned themselves out. But the ultimate choice must be perfectly free.

CLAIM-JUMPING IN GERMANY

THE world is slipping back to barbarism so rapidly that the recent civil war in the Rhine Valley and in Saxony attracted comparatively little notice in this country. The English papers had correspondents on the spot who have given their readers vivid pictures of the fighting in that region. Each side accused the other of atrocities. A correspondent of the conservative *Morning Post* quotes the opinion of an officer of the German troops sent into this region upon the international aspects of the conflict as follows:

> I have had experience of Englishmen in the Colonies, and I believe they prefer to have the truth told to them, however unpalatable it may be. The French occupation of Frankfort and the other towns can only have one meaning, that, with M. Millerand in power, the French wish so to force the pace as to seize the Ruhr Valley. If that is done France becomes the leading industrial nation of the world. You have seen for yourself the nature of the country here. The huge area of Essen had only seven hundred *Sicherheits polizei*, Recklinghausen three hundred, and other areas similar numbers. They were obviously quite incapable of controlling the district when trouble arose.
>
> France had nothing whatever to fear from our intervention, for the war proved that without effective artillery nothing could be accomplished against properly organized troops. By her action to-day, France is creating a depth of hatred that will indefinitely prevent the establishment of peace in Europe. The only possible means whereby satisfaction can be given to the Entente is for order to be maintained, and that will not be possible on the basis of the Treaty of Versailles.

In conclusion, this correspondent says:

> The facts that have struck me most forcibly are: (1) the universal attempt made, both con-

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sciously and unconsciously, to separate France from the other Allies; (2) the whole area honestly believes that it was saved from absolute disaster by the intervention of the *Reichswehr*, which personally I believe to be true; (3) the belief in an imminent Bolshevist rising is honestly entertained.

Another phase of present conditions in Germany is described by a correspondent of the liberal *Manchester Guardian* as follows:

From personal experience during the last twelve months over Frankfort, Munich, Salzburg, Vienna, Prague, and Budapest, I can testify to the reality of a reactionary 'anti-Bolshevist,' agrarian, Catholic, anti-Prussian, pro-French tendency. Everywhere over this area I have encountered belief in a no doubt legendary agreement between England and France ceding to France as her orbit, Munich, Vienna, and Prague, and to England, Hungary and the Balkans.

THE UNION JACK ALONG THE DANUBE

THE Vienna *Arbeiter Zeitung* thus comments upon the new political situation in Europe created by the British occupation of Constantinople:

The English have established themselves in Constantinople, and hold Batum and Baku, the strategic points of the Russian petroleum regions. This makes the Black Sea a British lake. Petroleum from Batum and Baku will be brought hereafter by British vessels to Danube ports, and *via* the Danube and the Rhine to the North Sea. Consequently the English are taking a new interest in the Danube countries, particularly Hungary. It is reported to be Britain's plan to make Budapest, its stronghold on this river, a great warehouse and transfer point for English goods between Antwerp and Trebizond. The Horthy Government is entirely subservient to these plans.

This comment, partly out of date since the British were driven out of the petroleum regions by the Bolshevist army, accompanies an attack on the reactionary government in Hungary, suggested by an attempt (by an alleged agent of the Hungarian military clique and secret police) to poison Béla Kun, the former Communist dictator, who is now interned in Austria.

ALLEGED BLACK TROOP OUTRAGES

THE British *Nation* thus comments upon a phase of the German occupation of Frankfort, which already has excited considerable private discussion in this country, and which is reprobated by French Socialist papers. According to a later newspaper report these troops were withdrawn from Frankfort, but not from the other occupied territories, shortly after the protests to which the *Nation* refers:

But there is a graver issue still. We now have the reports of the occupation of Frankfort by 'Moroccan rifles,' if not by Senegalese troops, and of the horrible sequel. Apart from the political merits of this incursion, the introduction of black troops into the heart of white Europe will strike England, and still more vividly America, as an outrage on civilization. I have seen a number of copies of German police reports of the conduct of the Senegalese troops in the Palatinate. I don't refer to them in detail — every friend of France would rejoice to find that they had been exaggerated — but they allege a series of terrible offenses against women as well as a practice of establishing brothels for these men in the best quarters of German towns, and making the municipal authorities pay for them. I imagine that the officers of these men do their best to control them. But are they controlled? A great country like France — a chief ornament of European society, and a centre of her most delicate forms of culture — must, if she thinks of it, revolt from the notion of planting these savages in cities that have hundreds of years of Christian civilization behind them. Such is the way that militarism is leading us. To many of us it must seem a road to ruin. I am glad, therefore, to know that there have been many French protests — among others by M. Cachin and M. Gide — against this horrible descent. But surely it is time for the Allies to speak, and in tones that M. Millerand must listen to.

EGYPT'S UNREST CONTINUES

IT is anticipated that the British Government in Egypt will be considerably modified as a result of the work of the Milner Commission, which has now returned to London. It is doubtful, however, whether any reform likely to receive the assent of the Imperial authorities will allay the unrest

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in the latter country. The British press probably has some grounds for claiming that the Egyptian boycott of the Milner Commission was inspired partly by the desire of Egyptian leaders to conceal the fact that the native masses are apathetic toward independence. However, private advices from Egypt indicate that the general insecurity is so great that even Americans who are likely to be mistaken for Englishmen are not permitted to go about outside a restricted and well-guarded metropolitan area without special protection. *Il Giornale d'Italia* publishes an interview with an Egyptian delegate in Rome in which the latter says:

You ask what Egypt wants. It wants independence, complete, unqualified independence. When we attain this we propose to continue protection for foreign investments, mixed courts, and the existing guaranties for our public obligations abroad. We merely want our country to be our own. So far as the Suez Canal is concerned, we would place that under the League of Nations, where it properly belongs. Our agitation has nothing to do with that.

SIDE-LIGHTS ON RUSSIA

THE conservative *Neue Preussische Zeitung* publishes an interview with a Russian Bolshevist who arrived in Berlin from Moscow late in March, in which the latter refers to the relations between Russia and Poland as follows:

In Russia, there are at the present time two parties among the Bolsheviki — one party, supported mainly by the military caste and the Red Guard, is strongly Nationalist and desires an aggressive campaign against Poland. The other party, led for the most part by international-minded Russian Jews, opposes this. The leaders of the second group believe that the Entente would counter a serious campaign against Poland by an immediate blockade, and fear that Germany might be induced by the Entente to organize an army to fight the Bolsheviki. They think that the Red Guard would be quite helpless against such an army.

In addition, as I was told by a prominent Soviet official some months ago, the Soviets fear that they would not be able to handle a general who captured Warsaw the way they have handled their other generals. Hitherto, whenever a successful military leader has won the confidence and love of his soldiers, he has immediately been transferred to another post. The general who conquered Poland would have to be treated as a national hero, and he might easily turn round and march at the head of his troops against the Bolsheviki themselves. If the Entente should renew the blockade, Soviet Russia would speedily collapse.

Another interesting ray of light from the land of Bolshevism reaches us through a recent article in the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, which describes the new bourgeoisie which has come into existence in that country. It has sprung from the lower classes with amazing rapidity, and tolerates Bolshevism only because its own existence is due to that system. However, this new capitalist element is becoming restive and wishes to launch into private business transactions on a large scale. It may set aside the present Bolshevist leaders and establish a new capitalist régime. This new caste is reinforced by the skilled labor element. Most of the trained mechanics have left the cities because they can make good wages in the country repairing agricultural machinery, and at the same time be assured of food. As soon as new machinery from abroad arrives they will be attracted back to the cities, where they are likely to associate themselves with the new middle class movement. The government's desire to convert the Red Guards into a labor army is said to be inspired partly by fear lest the old Tsarist officers establish too strong a hold upon the men serving under them.

ITALIAN CLERICALS

THE People's Party in Italy began its existence as an aggressive political organization last June, when it held its first convention in Bologna. Its origin was the logical outcome of the

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action of Pope Benedict XV at the conclusion of the war, annulling the *non expedit*, which forbade the faithful to vote or to nominate candidates for office, *in quanto Catholici*. Since this congress the party's growth has been very rapid, and, as is generally known, it elected one of the strongest delegations in the present parliament.

However, it has proved easier to organize the party, and to make a successful campaign, than to unite upon a legislative programme. At the Bologna convention, Miglioli, the leader of the Radicals, provoked a bitter controversy by declaring that he was an agnostic in regard to social institutions. At a more recent local convention in Bergamo the leaders of the Catholic peasantry, headed by Deputy Miglioli and two prominent priests, 'openly declared themselves in favor of Bolshevism.' What they demanded, with the lively approval of their hearers, was: subdivision and allotment of the land to the peasantry, introduction of shop councils, the participation of labor in the profits of industry, and the socialization of private enterprises. Lenin and Russian Bolshevism were cheered, but always with the reservation that reforms must be obtained without shedding blood or employing violence. Except for this difference in tactics — which is of course an important one — the policy of the Radical Clericals in Italy appears not to vary perceptibly from that of the most radical Socialists. The Clericals are ready to coöperate with the government, and do not desire to overthrow it and establish a dictatorship of the proletariat on the Soviet model; but they want the same ultimate organization of society as that proposed by Lenin.

As a result of this agitation the Pope addressed a letter to the Bishop of Bergamo, which is the headquarters of the Radical-Clerical group, in which he endorsed efforts to elevate and improve the condition of the proletariat, but urged that the movement must be kept within the limits of the existing political system and social organization. At the national convention of the party, held in Naples about the middle of April, Miglioli, who advocated collaborating with the Socialists, was defeated by the Conservative element. It is freely predicted in Italy, however, that these irreconcilable differences in social programmes will soon split the party into a Conservative and a Radical faction.

MORE LAND LAWS

We recently referred to the wave of land reform legislation that is passing over Southeastern Europe. The Agrarian Law just approved by the Greek Parliament is a result of the movement which began nine years ago when the National Assembly after a violent debate explicitly declared the right of the state to regulate private property in land.

Under the new law, large land holdings are to be subdivided among small cultivators. The maximum area which can be owned by any one person is approximately two hundred and fifty acres. This is considered as much as one farmer can handle effectively. In the subdivision and sale of this land, the government does not deal with individuals but with associations of prospective small farmers, very much as our farm loan banks deal by preference with groups of borrowers. The association then decides by lot or such other means as it may determine how the land it purchases jointly shall be distributed among its members. When the title to a family allotment, which may vary from twelve to forty acres in area, has been confirmed, the land is inalienable. It cannot be fore-

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closed under mortgage and it cannot be subdivided either as a result of sale or of inheritance. The usual provisions are made for appraising the land and indemnifying the present owners, who are paid in government bonds. The appraisal is on the basis of the value of land before the war.

SOCIALISM AND THE PEASANTS

FURTHER evidence of the vigorous effort being made by European Socialists to extend their propaganda among the peasantry is presented in a recent speech by Cachin, one of the leaders of the French party. Commenting upon this speech, the official organ of that party, *L'Humanité*, says:

> Out of a total population of 39,602,000 our rural population — in Communes of less than 2000 inhabitants — was, at the last enumeration, more than 22,000,000, while the urban population — in Communes of more than 2000 inhabitants — was 17,500,000. The frightful losses of the war have not materially modified these ratios. If we are to overlook these rural masses, and talk and act as if they did not exist, we shall be cruelly disillusioned. Those who stolidly affirm that we can shift modern society to a new collectivist foundation without regard for peasant sentiment are guilty of an error as stupid as it is likely to be disastrous. . . . Let every one of our organizations see to it that we have in every village some comrade qualified to propagate our ideas, who will see that free copies of the *Voix Paysanne* are distributed there. . . . Recent revolutionary events have proved that Socialism — particularly in France — cannot succeed without the peasants — 'not against them, but with them and for them.'

CRIME IN BERLIN

THE *Berliner Tageblatt* comments upon the great increase of crime in Berlin. This result of war was observed after the successful conflict with France in 1870–71, and for many years thereafter was discussed in courses on criminal law at German universities. Crime increased appallingly during the recent war; but the conditions of that period bear no comparison with those since the armistice. Burglars broke into 3325 dwellings in Berlin and its northern and eastern suburbs during 1917; and into 12,585 during 1919. Meantime the burglaries of shops and storehouses increased from 2500 to nearly 6000. A favorite article of theft is good carpets. Since 1914 the price of Persian rugs has risen from 30 marks to 2000 and 3000 marks a square yard. Typewriters are also sought after by burglars. In 1919 more than 4500 of them were stolen in the City of Berlin; during January and February of the present year the number was 1234.

NEW ZEALAND LABOR POLITICS

ALTHOUGH New Zealand is famous for its labor legislation, it has never had until recently a powerful labor party. In 1914 that party put up eight candidates and received less than 27,000 votes. By December, 1919, it had become the dominant political expression of the organized workingmen, and cast nearly 122,000 votes. It put up 48 candidates, of whom eight were elected. Three independent labor members also obtained seats in the new parliament. The Reform party, which won 44 seats, polled only 173,000 votes; which, however, gives that party an absolute majority in the House. In New Zealand, as elsewhere, the political issue is coming to be a duel between capital and labor.

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[*Manchester Guardian* (Liberal Daily), *April 15*]

REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT IN IRELAND

It is customary to sum up under the inclusive term Sinn Fein all the complex forces, intellectual and emotional, creative and disruptive, peaceful and violent, which are manifest in the left wing of Irish politics to-day. The name Sinn Feiner is applied loosely in England to all who repudiate both British rule in Ireland and the methods and ideals of the old Parliamentary Nationalist party. But this simplification is seriously inaccurate in point of fact.

An analysis of the big leftward drive in Irish politics reveals four elements at work. There is the Gaelic League, now suppressed, a cultural society which has undoubtedly given ideas and inspiration to the separatist leaders; there is Sinn Fein proper, which is in essence an orderly political party; there are the Volunteers, who form the military wing; and there is organized labor as the industrial force.

The Gaelic League has been vigorous for about a quarter of a century with Dr. Hyde as its moving spirit. Its object has been to arouse national interest in the national culture, to remind men of the vast treasure house of Irish literature, and thus, incidentally but certainly, to give an intellectual and artistic stimulus to the politics of separatism. Undoubtedly contact with the romantic conceptions of the sagas has strongly influenced the young intellectuals among the Volunteers. Padraic Pearse, who led the Republican forlorn hope in Easter, 1916, had taught the ideals of antique heroism at his school at St. Enda's, and, just as Demosthenes used to appeal to Athenian pride and valor in the name of the past and of Marathon, so Pearse called his Volunteers to their desperate adventure for the honor of the Ireland that was long dead, while Connolly summoned his men for the Socialist Ireland that was to be. Both men appealed to natural law as against positive, the one inspired by the idea of the noble savage, the other by the dream of an ennobled civilization.

Sinn Fein is a purely political body. Parliamentary candidates stand as 'Sinn Fein,' and the national parliament, 'Dail Eireann,' is the work of Sinn Fein. Dail cannot, of course, now meet or work, since nearly all its members are either in prison or 'on the run.' Sinn Fein, the great party, has grown out of Sinn Fein, the intellectual clique whose first president was Edward Martyn, and whose chief of staff has always been Mr. Arthur Griffith. It began as a body which would strike liberal opinion as reactionary. For, though it was separatist, it was not republican, and formed an expression of a doctrinaire type of nineteenth-century nationalism. It was suckled on Protectionist economics and reared in a German kindergarten. Thus it was distrustful of labor and distrusted by labor, and thought in terms of a national solidarity which accepted capitalism and harmonized the interests of employers and employed. Sinn Fein has never designed armed warfare against Great Britain; its belief has been that alien government could be made impossible by sabotage of the administrative machine without taking life. Mr. Griffith worked out in a series of articles on 'The Hungarian

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Method' suggestions for the application of his policy. Accordingly Sinn Fein, which contains many pacifists, had no connection with the Easter Rising of 1916. But it profited immensely by the rising and the consequent British policy. To Sinn Fein probably may be attributed the recent raids on income-tax offices, for that was in their tradition of hindering government without taking life. But the carrying on of the attacks throughout the countryside against the police has been the work of the Volunteers.

The Volunteers are, by the irony of time, the direct descendants of Carsonism. For the National Volunteers were formed as a counter-force to the Ulster fire-eaters, and the force that has driven British administration out of large districts in the West of Ireland might never have existed had it not been for the military exploits of the present Lord Chancellor. With the decay of faith in English pledges and Nationalist party methods the Volunteers drifted to the left, and Redmondite control grew weaker and weaker. Extremists of the force, under Pearse, disobeyed their real president, John MacNeill, and forced the Easter Rising with Connolly. To-day the Volunteers are extremely strong in numbers and in spirit. They must not be identified with Sinn Fein, and I have been informed that the military wing would not welcome an excess of Cabinet control. How far the political and military arms work together it is impossible to say; obviously there must be some *liaison*. It is surmised that members of that extremely secret body, the Irish Republican Brotherhood, are influential in the Volunteers.

Organized labor in Ireland is definitely separatist and republican. But here again it must not be dubbed 'Sinn Fein' without qualification. As was stated, before the war labor was bitterly critical of Sinn Fein and the capitalist economics of Mr. Arthur Griffith were angrily denounced. But the stress of events has driven the two forces together. The Castle habit of treating organized labor as something treasonable in itself naturally drove labor to Sinn Fein, and as a result the young men of Sinn Fein began to take their economics from Connolly or the coöperators, and not from Mr. Griffith. Thus the proposed social reforms of the abortive Dail were all on collectivist and democratic lines, and it was generally held that the Connolly view had come out on top.

Meanwhile the Castle continues to remind labor of the amenities of British Government. Outside Liberty Hall, the headquarters of the Transport and General Workers' Union, is a railway bridge on which a machine-gun emplacement can be seen. For months recently a machine-gun was trained on the doors and windows of this trade union office; it has now been removed, but the emplacement is there ready for use, and Liberty Hall is raided periodically. Things of this kind and the breaking up by soldiers of trade union branch meetings serve to convince labor that it can never get on with its appropriate industrial task until the national question has been settled. Hence the close alliance between labor and Sinn Fein.

On the other hand, the repressive policy toward Sinn Fein, which involves heavy business losses to Sinn Fein members in case of arrest and imprisonment, keeps self-seeking rich men out of the party. This delays the natural regrouping of social forces which must inevitably take place when the national question has been settled. Even now strife does break out. Irish labor is largely organized by towns on the one-big-union principle, and at Dungarvan, County Waterford, all the

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workers, being members of the Transport and General Workers' Union, recently came out together. There was a long and bitter dispute in which the Sinn Fein employees were said to be more resolute against surrender than the unionists. Such happenings do not strengthen the bonds in the republican movement and point to a certain rift in the future. But for the time being the movement, with all its diverse elements, is held together by the government. The Castle does not seem to have learned the first maxim of the autocrat — divide and conquer. For in all its policy and practice it drives home the fact that until the problem of nationality has been settled, functional associations, whether cultural or industrial, are held up in their work.

That is what solidifies the republican movement; but if once the external pressure were removed I believe that disintegration would rapidly ensue.

[*The Frankfurter Zeitung* (Radical Liberal Daily), *March 28*]

WITH THE RED RHINELAND ARMY

ESSEN, *March 25, 26.*

THREE distinct phases have occurred in the bloody battle which has been waging now for more than ten days in the industrial centres of Rhenish Westphalia. The criminal adventure of the militarist insurgents in Berlin instantaneously obliterated every sign of discord among the working people of the Ruhr district and forged them into a solid mass. When a detachment of troops marched in, singing *Heil Dir im Siegerkranz*, with its black, white, and red banners unfurled, arrogantly challenging the laboring population, it was the signal for a bloody outbreak in which the workers quickly triumphed. Reaction was crushed. A confusion of ideas, quite comprehensible when we recall the suffering and privations of four long years of warfare, has converted hatred of military aggression and oppression into hatred of the uniform itself, which the incidents of the past few days have maddened the workers into regarding as a symbol of the old régime. This started a war without quarter between the workers and anyone who wore the uniform — the blue clad police, the green clad constabulary, and the gray clad National Guard. There is no doubt but what nine tenths of the militant workingmen seized arms in the honest belief that they were fighting reaction. This inspired them with wonderful enthusiasm and enabled them, within a few days, to get control of the whole industrial district. When the police and troops retired to the northern fringe of this region, along a line connecting Linz and Wesel, the third phase opened. A campaign to resist a reactionary insurrection developed into a fight to establish a dictatorship of the radicals, a Communist Soviet government. As late as Monday, the newspapers were forbidden to use the words, 'Red Army.' Subsequent successes speedily persuaded the Communists, who took shrewd advantage of the existing confusion to seize command of affairs, to adopt a bolder policy. They dropped the mask and fought in the open.

For a second time since the revo-

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lution, a Red army is fighting on German soil. The same General Von Lüttwitz, who a year ago was commander-in-chief of the government troops which defeated the first Red army in the eastern and northern suburbs of Berlin, was responsible by his mutinous revolt for the formation of its successor. On the former occasion the word designated merely an undisciplined, armed mob, consisting mostly of the riffraff of a rowdy suburban quarter. This time the forces that oppose the government troops are much more dangerous opponents. To be sure, they are miserably clothed; but on the other hand, they are excellently armed, well disciplined, and skillfully commanded. Political fanaticism born of pure idealism, youthful impetuosity more intent on an adventure than on a specific political aim, a slight flavoring of the criminality which always appears on occasions so favorable for its purposes — all these elements make this second Red army a most peculiar compound. It sprang from the ground almost overnight, among people who possessed the training acquired during five years' war, when every man capable of bearing arms became a specialist in the employment of some particular weapon. So the army itself is not a surprising thing. But its skilled leadership — the organizing genius that succeeded in arming thousands of men gathered from all over this part of Germany and forming them into units and assembling these units into an effective combat army, is a wonderful thing.

From the very outset the workers have been abundantly supplied with rifles, machine-guns, and hand-grenades. If anything was lacking it was speedily procured by storming barracks, armories, and police stations. So eventually the Red troops got possession of field artillery, flame-throwers, munitions, and armored automobiles. There is not a special arm of the service which is not represented among the Red forces — not a single one of the horrible instruments of destruction of modern warfare, from flame-throwers to the intensely feared yellow-cross grenades, which is not at their disposal. Every trick and implement of the militarism which they hate and fight, they have at their fingers' ends. They are organized into patrols and columns, companies and battalions. I saw a company about to depart for the front paraded before the City Hall in Duisberg. The captain was a simple laborer. All that indicated his rank was a long dagger and a pistol in his belt. His commands were rattled out in the short crisp tones of the barracks ground: 'Attention! Right Dress!' The one hundred and fifty men, who had probably cursed the absurdities and discipline of the service in the bitterness of their hearts throughout the war, obeyed with the promptness of a machine — their little fingers exactly parallel with the seams of their ragged workmen's trousers. One of the sergeants dressed the company: 'Number three, a little back; number ten back; number twelve forward.' He then reported the company to the captain, left hand perpendicular by his side, the right lifted to the rim of his shabby hat. Under less serious circumstances it would have been a burlesque.

The higher command is equally well organized. The main headquarters are at Hagen. Division Headquarters have been established at Essen, Dinslaken, and other points nearer the combat zone. The general officers have at their service requisitioned automobiles, telephones, dispatch riders, motorcycles, and all the other apparatus of a regular army. In front of the City Hall in Essen, where Division Headquarters have been established, everything

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speaks of activity and efficiency — as much as it did in the battle zone of the Great War. Powerful auto-trucks are taking additional forces to the front. Three great motor-busses are carrying forward a detachment of nurses on an emergency call. In the background provisions are being loaded. Nearby are field-pieces left behind by the retreating guardsmen. They are held until horses can be requisitioned. And all the time orderlies and adjutants are hastening to and fro.

Two rooms in the municipal offices are occupied by the staff. The first of these serves also as a recruiting bureau for the Red army. It is the focus of intense activity. Requisitions for supplies are being received; autos are being requisitioned; a captain is calling for shoes for his men, another complains of poor rations, a third is trying to convince a superior officer that he must have a horse at his disposal. He has already discovered one, and now merely needs a requisition to get possession of it. His request is denied, in spite of his eloquent attempts to show what a military advantage it would be for him to have it at the front. He does not even succeed by the tempting offer of a brand-new Mauser pistol as a bribe. In spite of all that, I met him next day up on the battle line riding a new horse. He had requisitioned it on his own authority.

In order to enlist in the Red army, a man merely has to prove that he has been a member of the Independent Socialist or Communist party for at least a year. He is not asked if he has had previous army service. So you see many young fellows with a gun on their shoulders who hardly know how to load it, to say nothing of firing.

A man requires a special permit to get into the *sanctum sanctorum* where the two commanding officers of the division are. These commanders are plain men from the common people. They both served as non-commissioned officers in the war. Now they are commanding forces of about the strength of a full division in active service. They show that they understand their business by what they have accomplished with these troops, especially by their skillful manœuvring in the attack on Dorsten. By acquiring this strategic point they deprived their enemies of indispensable railway support. They receive messages both by courier and by telephone, and follow the course of operations with a map spread on a table. They give their orders and instructions briefly and clearly, like generals of the old school.

When I asked for permission to visit the front, I was informed that this would be permitted only to representatives of the foreign press. Indeed, the next day, correspondents of the *Times*, the *Daily Chronicle*, and other English newspapers were taken to the front in a special car placed at their disposal by the higher command. At the same time, I was told that if I wanted to try it on my own hook, they would put no obstacles in my way. None the less I encountered any number of hindrances. Every available automobile had been requisitioned by the Red army, and all means of transport were exhausted ten or twelve miles before I reached the zone of actual fighting. The railway was in operation but part of the distance. From there, I found an electric line to Hamborn, a Communist stronghold. There was heavy fighting here two or three days ago. The buildings bore eloquent testimony to this. There is hardly a house on the broad main street which has been spared by the heavy artillery and mine-throwers. The pavements are buried in broken glass and fallen brick and mortar.

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Severed trolley wires are hanging from their bent and shattered poles. In front of the shops, whose broken windows had been boarded up, are scraps and fragments of merchandise, not all of which owes its disappearance to bursting shells and mines.

At this point we reach the edge of the supporting and deployment zone, directly to the rear of the actual fighting. It exhibits some of the unhappy characteristics of the same zone in the World War; for clearly, it is not the best elements of the army and the population who linger just outside the range of the guns. Rowdies are making themselves a nuisance. Young roughs, with their caps over one ear, their hair hanging over their eyes, carrying, for the most part, dilapidated rifles hanging muzzle down from their shoulder straps, are loafing around here by hundreds. They, and women of the same class, monopolize the streets, where for several days past no respectable citizen has dared to show his face.

Two hours of brisk walking bring me to Dinslaken, where I begin to see signs of actual war. Every hundred yards or so, a double guard is keeping sharp control over traffic. Signs of recent fighting are everywhere in evidence. Here apparently was a battery position. The empty shell baskets are scattered around in profusion. Shell holes in the vicinity, shattered buildings, and blasted walls, show that the battery was discovered by the enemy and held under heavy fire. Further in advance, in some large buildings on either side of the highway, a reserve unit is ready to go into action. Its men cheer the constant procession of motor-trucks rolling forward with fresh troops, and carrying the exhausted men from the fighting line back to their place of repose. Intermingled with this is a motley multitude of vehicles of every kind, hastening to the front with munitions and food, together with ambulances, and motorcycles bearing dispatch writers. At the cross roads, leading to the numerous factories and mine heads, are groups of local residents — they who have to bear the worst hardships of the fight. They stare dumbly and sullenly at the hurrying columns.

Dinslaken is the headquarters of one of the front commanders. Most of the residents have left the town, but it is thronged with Red Guards. The focus of military activity is the City Hall, where the staff has quartered itself. A couple of squares away the Workers' Hospital Corps has fixed its headquarters. A constant stream of wounded is arriving, some on foot and many in ambulances. They have just captured Friedrichsfeld, after very heavy losses.

A short hour's walk north of this point, and we are under fire. However, the massive buildings in the neighborhood afford frequent protection. Behind them columns push their way forward. A close line of outposts has been established just behind the front, and after a member of the army reaches this point there is no withdrawing. Young lads, who obviously have had enough of their first baptism of fire and who cherish but the single wish to hurry home to mother, are sternly halted and sent back to the fighting line without mercy. What a cruel illusion!

After the heavy fighting early this morning, things seem to be quieting down. The artillery is silent. Occasionally there is the rattle of a machine-gun and then a couple of minutes of infantry fire. We reach the advance trenches through a series of well-laid communication trenches. The morale of the men is not good. They are mostly young fellows without even military

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training and with no actual experience in war. Early in the day they made an assault, where they encountered machine-gun fire from the flank and lost three killed and many wounded. A young lad not yet eighteen years old is lying in the trench seriously wounded in the abdomen. It would be dangerous to move him. When I bow over him, he asks: 'Must I die?' I experience that feeling of respect that we must have for every man who stakes his life for his convictions, no matter how perverse the latter may be; but I curse the criminal folly of the men who have led these boys, still half children, to their death before they were old enough to comprehend what they were doing.

In the early hours of the morning under the cover of darkness, the troops are being shifted. Auto-trucks are waiting just out of range to take the men back to their place of repose, which is often their own home town. After twenty-four hours' rest there is another advance. However, during the last few days the ranks have grown appreciably thinner. The number of deserters is increasing, and the number of new recruits is diminishing. Nurses with their Red Cross armlets are everywhere. Many of them may lack professional training, and the conduct of some of the younger ones behind the front is not always lady-like, but their courage and their self-sacrifice merit admiration. I saw gray-haired workingmen's wives in the most advance positions, and immature young girls bravely performing their tasks of mercy under a rain of bullets. This was the only bright spot in this infernal orgy of cruelty and madness, which is wasting the last strength of our half-starved and nerve-shattered nation.

[*La Grande Revue* (Liberal Literary Monthly), *March*]

AN ANALYSIS OF FRENCH POLITICS

BY GASTON DOUMERGUE

Former President of the Council

Our political life is reviving. But is it the old life of before the war? Are we at the threshold of a new political era? The augurs say so. It seems impossible to them that a crisis as violent as the one from which we are just emerging, which has overturned so many of the fixed bases of society, should fail to exert a profound and permanent influence upon political ideals and actions. They fancy they have discovered proof of this in the recent parliamentary elections. The new Chamber of Deputies is radically different from its predecessor. Its centre of gravity seems to have shifted from the radical side of the house toward the right. But this is not fully demonstrated. Our municipal and departmental and senatorial elections, occurring immediately after that for the Chamber of Deputies, changed considerably this impression. They create a presumption that the nation has now regained control of itself, and that it will continue as in the past to

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favor a political course definitely inclining toward the left.

But it is prudent not to draw conclusions from the recent elections with too much confidence. The inconsistencies which a detailed study of their results reveals, caution us against a premature judgment. Those results demonstrate only one thing beyond question — that republican institutions have come to stay. We used to have a school of prophets who predicted that a republic would not withstand the stress of a great war. Indeed, most of our sincere republicans feared this and that fear inclined them toward a policy of peace. But war came. Its difficulties and horrors and distress exceeded anything we had conceived before. It ended in a glorious victory. At no moment in the course of this war was there the slightest evidence of disaffection toward the republic. The government was never criticized for not having avoided the war. Public opinion never showed a disposition to consider the continuance of republican institutions incompatible with the effective prosecution of the war, nor responsible for the delay in winning a victory. During these protracted hostilities no striking incident occurred to suggest that a republican government was less efficient than a monarchy would have been in such a crisis. Consequently, the terrible test to which the republic has been submitted has solidified its supporters and fortified public confidence. So true is this, that not a single candidate entered the election, either for the Chamber of Deputies or for the Senate, upon a monarchist platform.

We do not mean to say that the war has eliminated opposition to republican and parliamentary institutions. Although it did not furnish royalists the arguments and the arms which they expected, it has not destroyed their hope of finding them in events to come. Our present situation is in truth far from brilliant, from whatever point of view we regard it. A peace that does not satisfy anyone renders the future obscure. The public is consequently in a constant state of anxiety and abnormally responsive to suggestion. Opponents of a republic hope to profit by this emotional condition of the public mind at the earliest favorable opportunity. This hope is increased by the fact that they have been able to use the era of political good feeling, without which France could not have won the war, to seize valuable advance positions.

We must not trust too much to appearances. The elections seem to prove that France is unanimously behind the form of government which it voluntarily adopted after its defeat in 1871 and the loss of Alsace-Lorraine. But this unanimity is not real. A party still exists, now that the war is over, just as ardent and resolute as before the war in its refusal to accept the republic. It is frank as to its position. It is a party which has a definite programme, able leaders, and loyal and disciplined followers. Is it stronger than it was five years ago? That is difficult to say. But it exists. That is a fact constantly to be borne in mind. It is anxious to do something. That is another fact we must not forget. Its cause at the present moment depends far less on actual numbers than upon future circumstances and events which may play into its hands. The victory has deprived it of some of the arguments which it formerly employed, to show that a republic, a democracy, a parliamentary government, were mortal dangers for the existence and integrity of France. When the actual test came democracies vanquished autocratic monarchies, like those of Germany and Austria-Hungary.

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Doubtless the opponents of democracy will continue to insist that the latter won, and only could win, by putting in power a virtual dictator,—one-man rule,—but that merely proves that democracy is sufficiently adaptable and elastic, and at the same time strong enough, to use exceptional and radical machinery without endangering its existence, when exceptional and temporary conditions demand it. On the other hand, while the dangers formerly attributed to democracy have been proved fictions by the war, the evils of a dictatorship have been demonstrated beyond cavil by the peace negotiations. That peace would not have been the pitiful farce it is, if its conditions had not been discussed secretly and determined finally by three or four dictators, without consulting the legitimate authorities whose advice they should have heard. It may be argued that these improvised dictators lacked the hereditary training which monarchs would have had, and that the absence of this explains their failure. But no amount of talk will deceive the public as to these two central facts: democratic governments have conquered autocratic governments; a little group of dictators has produced a Peace Treaty that is a monstrous deception.

Let us examine the effect of the war upon the stability and the authority of the government. Has it disclosed the need of modifying radically the constitution? Before the war, the Constitution of the United States enjoyed great credit with our republicans. It seemed to them the most perfect instrument of democratic government. They admired it for the perfect equilibrium it maintained between authority and liberty. The American Constitution is surely not so enthusiastically approved by them to-day. What has happened among our American friends in connection with the Peace Treaty? Constitutional controversies between the President and the Senate and the new political discord they have produced do not encourage us to revise our own Constitution along American lines. So if amendments to our organic law have not been removed entirely from the field of discussion by the war, at least they have lost immediate interest. Probably this movement will shift from the political to the social field and social problems eventually will revive proposals to change the Constitution.

In fact, social questions are rapidly eclipsing all others. The war seems to have accentuated and embittered class conflicts in every country. Wherever we look we see such unreconcilable antagonism, that we are tempted to believe that a peaceable settlement of the issues between the social classes is impossible, and that the crisis has become so acute that it can be solved only by force.

We should not forget that during the war faith in force penetrated deeply the popular mind. Our victory proved to be a triumph of force rather than a triumph of justice, such as we and our allies preached so loudly. Mankind now has faith in force and force alone. M. Clemenceau, in his address at Strassburg, counseled the use of force to subdue opposition and crush organizations which he believed dangerous to public peace. Meantime, the elements hostile to the existing order likewise base their hopes on force and violence. These conflicts, as we have said, will be over social questions. The war itself has determined the field of battle.

By causing an abnormal and wasteful consumption of wealth the war raised the question of production above all others. We might almost say that this problem has swallowed every rival and become the sole question in the field. All through the war we were told that victory depended on abundant ma-

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terials, and that we must produce and produce in constantly growing quantities. As soon as the war ended we discovered that intensive production was still just as necessary as while we were fighting. Our stocks in trade had been exhausted. A vast stretch of ruins encumbered northern and eastern France, to be removed and to be replaced with new structures and machinery. Production was as necessary in order to escape economic death as it had been in order to win victory. France must be made a great factory and practically nothing but a great factory.

Now it is precisely this question of production which started and still encourages social antagonism. We can easily realize how class hatred must grow, and perhaps reach a crisis during a period in which our whole national energy is absorbed in production, and when the necessity of intensive production dominates every other thought.

Under the existing constitution of society, production demands the cooperation of capital and labor. While neither of these two factors can exist without the other, their coöperation is not cordial. They regard each other as enemies and not as partners. Their mutual antagonism has grown in the course of the war. The latter not only impoverished the state, but it enriched beyond measure certain individuals. It created a caste of newly rich; it added recruits to the army of capital; it made money a greater power if not a more considerate one. A member recently exclaimed quite rightly in the Chamber of Deputies, 'Money has assumed a truly disgusting rôle in our post-bellum society.' It tends to make those who have an abundance arbitrary, selfish, and reactionary. The number of wealthy men has multiplied and the power of private capital has grown correspondingly.

But the second element, labor, has simultaneously gained added power and aggressiveness. It also has reaped great profit. It has acquired a taste for liberal expenditure. It intends to retain and to add to its increased income. It realizes that it is more indispensable than ever. It has a higher idea, consequently, of the part it plays in production. It regards itself as essential and indeed superior to capital, and concludes that it should occupy the first place in the direction of industry. It has taken at face value all that has been told it as to the preeminent importance of production. If the future of the country depends on that alone, it seems to the working people that labor ought to enjoy a share in the government proportionate to its service in enabling the nation to survive — in other words, that it should have the leading rôle.

To be sure, the General Confederation of Labor, which is the authoritative spokesman of the Syndicalist movement, ostensibly abstains on principle from politics and confines itself to promoting the interests of organized labor by trade union action. Undoubtedly there is a degree of affectation in its careful self-isolation from the Socialist party, which it pretends to regard as a group of politicians. Recently, however, in condemning our intervention in Russia, it took a definite stand on a political question. The strength of the Confederation is growing rapidly, for Syndicalism is adding daily to its recruits. The war favored the movement by concentrating multitudes of wage earners in great factories producing for a single consumer — the government. This concentration of labor, the conditions which fostered it, the circumstances under which it occurred, the purposes for which it was carried out — its governmental inspiration and purpose

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— contributed powerfully to develop among the working people, separated as they were from the remainder of a nation whose vigorous manhood was in the trenches, a lively sentiment of class solidarity and a firm belief in their own power. The result is that the government, in attempting to solve a problem which, in spite of its purely economic appearance, has become above all a social problem, finds itself facing two forces whose antagonism and power have grown greatly during the war, and whose mutual accord and coöperation are essential.

This vast, complex social question, which we cannot escape and cannot postpone, apparently will relegate ordinary politics to the background. I do not say that the latter may not again come to the front at some future date. That is even probable. But until parliament has been politically reconstructed, and the government has proved that this reconstruction signifies something of real importance for the nation, the clash of opinions in the Chamber of Deputies over the social question will dominate its proceedings and determine its majorities.

This conclusion may seem open to criticism, unless we hasten to explain that although the social problem seems very simple at first glance, it is really extremely complex and cannot be solved by summary formulas. Labor and capital are likely to be influenced powerfully by sentiments and situations which have no direct relation with themselves.

For example, beyond doubt national solidarity was strengthened during the war by the common life of our soldiers in the trenches, where Frenchmen of all conditions shed their blood with equal heroism and equal self-forgetfulness in defense of their country. That sentiment is calculated to check exaggerated class sentiment and to protect the nation from the dangers which the latter might cause.

At the same time fear for our national safety has grown stronger. The debates in the Socialist Congress at Strassburg showed that many members of that party do not overlook this. The security of France is far from guaranteed by the Treaty of Versailles. The chaos into which that treaty has thrown the world, the numerous danger centres it has created, which may blaze up into war at any moment, necessitate on our part vigilance, prudence, and measures which a great majority of our citizens must endorse, because, whatever their selfish or class interests, they will recognize that such measures are unavoidable.

Foreign relations are, consequently, destined to have a profound influence upon our social problem. Of course, when we consider our action in Russia, we may think that foreign policies prevent rather than favor the conciliation of our social controversies at home. But lately the Soviet Government by adopting forced labor and rigorous discipline of workers and peasants, is winning the approbation of our employers, and is being cited by them as an example for ourselves. The prestige which Lenin's Russian revolution has hitherto enjoyed may suffer in the opinion of our workers from this approval, and the Soviet Government may fall under their suspicion.

The financial situation, likewise, may help alleviate the antagonism which now exists between the social classes. Everything will depend upon the measures taken to restore the equilibrium of our budget and to enable the government to meet the financial burdens of the war. The principles which inspire our financial policy, the incidence of taxation, the social effects of our imposts, may further antagonize capital and labor

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or may go a long ways toward reconciling them. Unless we study closely the social effect of our new revenues and the political consequences which may ensue from them, we have reason to fear that they may excite such civil conflicts as some dangerous elements would be only too glad to see. In any case, the fiscal problem will determine party alignment in the new parliament. The debates and votes upon it will reveal the real animus of the majority, and prove whether that majority is as liberal socially as it is democratic politically. Out of this debate will inevitably come a decided shifting of the Chamber toward the right or toward the left. It will inspire new hope in the advocates of reaction or destroy the slender hopes those advocates still cherish.

The religious question in France is not merely a question of religion. It is in part a question of politics. Was the religious spirit strengthened during the war? Has faith revived? Has the number of believers increased? It is difficult to answer these questions with assurance. Appearances might suggest a revival of religious belief. But do the numerous and enthusiastic demonstrations of religious interest which we are now witnessing indicate sincere faith, or are they inspired by political calculations or social policy? However that may be, the religious factor cannot be overlooked in examining the state of political sentiment in France. Far less is it possible to ignore the initiative taken by the government toward renewing diplomatic relations with the Vatican.

The resumption of these relations was not due primarily to religious considerations. That action was justified by arguments of international expediency. The government explained that we needed a representative at the Vatican in order that it might support our foreign policies — that it not only might not oppose them, but actually favor them. The Pope, whose support we seek to win, exercises great political authority. Sending an ambassador to the Vatican is a recognition of his influence in foreign affairs. But we are told that this does not involve any change in our domestic policies. It remains to be seen whether, after these relations have been resumed, it will be possible to confine the efforts of the Vatican to foreign policies and to prevent its influence from being exercised in domestic matters. We cannot overlook this religious factor. It may constitute an important element in the politics of to-morrow.

We must take into consideration all these elements, some of them conflicting and antagonistic, in shaping our political policies. But our parties are at the present moment completely disorganized. They no longer face the same problems that they did in the past. As we have said, these problems are now social rather than political. Consequently, our parties must be reorganized on a basis of these social problems. The attitude they will assume toward the latter will either deprive them of their ancient strength or lend them new power. Was it not the social problem which caused the present democratic coalition by uniting older groups of diverse and often antagonistic origins and beliefs? This new coalition considers itself indeed a party. The violent and unanimous hostility which it manifests toward the Socialists indicates its unifying principle.

The factions on the radical side of the house are still hesitant and uncertain. They espouse a political doctrine which gives them certain features in common and determines their parliamentary policy. But their social

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doctrines are still indefinite and vague. They seem to have started out by reorganizing in accordance with their former beliefs and programmes. They do not yet comprehend the facts of the future. They have promptly turned their attention to these, but they have still to define their programme.

The Socialist party is divided by bitter domestic quarrels. In order to maintain its apparent unity, it has been obliged to limit itself to purely negative declarations, such as abstinence from coöperation with any other party and refusal to share in the government. But it is seriously divided both as to principles and to tactics, and it is not likely that this disagreement will speedily disappear. It recently declared at Strassburg that its national policies must be guided by the international policies of the Socialists of the world, which has the effect of raising still higher the barrier between itself and other political parties, whose policies are determined solely by national interest. By adopting this principle of conduct, the Socialist party is merely aggravating its own internal discords and sacrificing its capacity for positive service. Can it maintain even its external unity? Will all of its members resign themselves to employing their energy and their ability in trying to solve a problem as incapable of solution as squaring the circle? I mean, in trying to preserve harmony when they are divided at heart? There is reason to hope that many of them will give up this thankless task, and choose to coöperate with men of other parties whose opinions approach their own, in order to persuade the proletariat to coöperate peacefully in the economic, social, and democratic development of the nation.

[*Neue Freie Presse* (National Liberal Daily), *March 11*]

HOW IT LOOKS IN SIBERIA

BY DR. PHILIPP FLEISCHER

Late in November, 1918, I found myself in the Officers' Prison Camp at Troitskosavsk in Central Siberia on the edge of the Desert of Gobi. One morning our Russian guards surprised us with the report that a Bolshevist Soviet had been organized in the neighboring city and had seized the government. The soldiers stayed neutral. That very day the Russian officers appeared without their epaulets, which were regarded by the Bolsheviki as indicating loyalty to the Tsar. A few days later this Soviet proclaimed the district an independent republic.

Toward the end of the following February, we were shifted to Beresovka, the nearest railway station, where there had been a big prison camp since the beginning of the war. As the river was frozen, we had to make the journey over the endless waterless steppes, partly by carriages and partly in cars, but mostly on foot. The camp at Beresovka was in a dilapidated condition. The wooden fences had been torn down for fuel. The air

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was tainted with foul odors; the place could not be cleaned up because no one would do any work and the Bolsheviki had carried off the horses of the peasants and Chinese. The barracks to which we were assigned had not been cleaned and were in a most foul condition. Practically every window-pane was broken.

In Irkutsk and the other larger towns, two kinds of Soviets were running things. One represented the soldiers, the other the civilians. Most of their numbers were young people, eighteen to twenty-two years old. New Soviets were constantly being organized at every point, through a few individuals getting together, declaring themselves a government body and barricading all roads and railway connections with neighboring districts. If they proved strong enough the Irkutsk Soviet would recognize their authority. These local bodies were constantly at swords' points with one another. They often refused to permit the passage of provisions to neighboring jurisdictions. During their fights with the bourgeoisie, they refused each other munitions. A person could not pass from one village to another without a Soviet pass, which was only granted in case the petitioner subscribed in writing to the Bolshevist programme. Upon doing so he was registered as an 'International.' The Soviets ruled by blood and terror. Contributions were periodically levied upon the cities, and in order to insure their collection, twenty or thirty of the leading residents would be arrested. If the money was not promptly paid these hostages were either shot outright or kept in prison under the constant threat of death. Every kind of paper money issued by any conceivable government passed current. Unissued war bonds and coupons, revenue stamps, and whatever else was found in the public treasuries were employed for the same purpose. Some Soviets, like that of Chita, printed their own currency on cigarette papers. The price of provisions and wages doubled about every two weeks. Mechanics were not allowed to practise their trade unless they registered as 'International Bolshevist Socialists.' Several of the larger business enterprises were nationalized. This meant that a commissioner and several guards would present themselves any fine morning, tell the proprietor that the business was now to be conducted on public account, and take possession of his cash box. As soon as they had sold out his stock they shut up the establishment.

During this period of practical anarchy many of our war prisoners tried to get home. Only a few succeeded, partly because the Soviet of one district would not recognize the passports of neighboring Soviets, and partly because the Bolshevist troops, which throughout the interior of Russia consisted quite largely of war prisoners, prevented these men from returning, on the principle that no one must be allowed to go home until the world revolution was an actual accomplishment. These men had to carry all sorts of passports. If the slightest suspicion was aroused as to the genuineness of such documents, the Soviet representatives would stand the possessor up by the side of the road and shoot him on the spot.

The condition of the prisoners in the prison camps kept getting worse. Regular government agencies had ceased to function, so that no provision was made for feeding them. They were not able to get fuel to cook their food. The prisoners had to organize their own commissariat and buy their own provisions.

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This was supplemented by raising vegetables on the sandy plains around the camps. That was an excessively laborious task. At Beresovka, for example, and later at Nikolsk, we had first to tear up the metre-high herbage and bushes with our hands, then spade up the ground, fertilize the sterile soil to the best of our ability, and dig irrigation canals to bring water from some little rivulet or pool a mile or so distant. We had no newspapers except those published by the Bolsheviki, and of course our studies, which were making such happy progress previously, were completely interrupted.

This continued to be the situation until the Czecho-Slovaks began their victorious progress toward the sea. As early as April, 1918, they had begun to fight their way out of Russia. This was a period of terror and hardship for us prisoners. Bolshevist and anarchist bands headed westward kept invading our camp on searching expeditions. They tore off the officers' insignia and carried away any property they found. Bolshevist commissioners forced thousands of our soldiers to serve in their army. Any resistance was promptly suppressed by force. In the burying ground at Beresovka we erected a monument in memory of two Austrian soldiers who were shot because they protested in the name of their comrades against such violence.

Toward the end of June, all Siberia had been subdued by Czecho-Slovak and counter-revolutionary forces. No quarter was given by either side. The Bolsheviki used to boast of having nailed their epaulets on the shoulders of captured Cossack officers before they killed them. The counter-revolutionary troops pitilessly slaughtered every Bolshevist they caught. When the Czecho-Slovaks took prisoners who claimed to have been forced into the Bolshevist ranks they were brought before the Russian Investigating Committee and tortured and mistreated in the effort to extort confessions from them.

For weeks these prisoners received no rations; they lived upon what sympathetic outsiders secretly conveyed to them. The cars into which they were herded were never opened. The corpses of those who died of starvation and hardship were left with the living. Not until the Czecho-Slovak officers made vigorous protests, backed up by the Foreign Missions, were the Russians compelled to remove to hospitals the unhappy survivors, many of whom had been made insane by their sufferings.

It was while this fighting was going on that the Tsar's family was extirpated. Their death was merely mentioned officially in Chinese and Japanese newspapers. Nothing was stated regarding the manner in which it occurred. According to later accounts, an anarchist band after holding the Tsar and his daughters and one of the Grand Dukes — the Tsar's wife had already died — in strict confinement at Tomsk, threw them into the shaft of an abandoned coal mine.

After the Bolsheviki were driven out a cabinet composed of Social Revolutionaries of the Kerensky party and of moderate reactionaries under the presidency of Kolchak took over the government. Soon, however, the Socialist ministers were arrested by Cossack officers and driven into exile under the threat of death. Thereupon, Siberia entered a period of frightful Cossack domination and ensuing chaos. Kolchak's actual jurisdiction reached only as far as Lake Baikal. On the other side of the lake a Cossack hetman, Semienov, was reigning as a despot king at Chita. At

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Habarovsk, a blood-thirsty Cossack hetman twenty-six years old, named Kalmukov, seized the government. General Chorwat ruled at Vladivostok. In addition, there were several smaller despots. The reign of terror they conducted belies description. No citizen's life was safe. I read in Japanese newspapers that Kalmukov's assassinations *en masse* had aroused the indignation of the American Mission, which demanded his surrender. He fled, but turned up again a few months later. This list does not complete the toll of Siberian rulers; for the railway and telegraph lines were controlled by Japanese, Americans, and Czecho-Slovaks. Moreover, remnants of the Bolshevist bands were still left, which took refuge in the pathless forests and in alliance with native bandits made successful raids almost daily upon the railway trains. Added to all these were English, French, Italian, and Chinese military missions, and Roumanian, Polish, and Lett legions. The foreign missions organized a central committee at Vladivostok which served as a concurrent military government.

None of these innumerable rulers and authorities was able even by the severest measures to check a constant succession of strikes. The peasants raised only what they needed for their own consumption, as the Cossacks robbed them of everything. Nothing could be imported because there was no money. This want of currency forced Kolchak to have a new series of bills printed in America. So we had in circulation the old imperial bills, treasury notes, coupons of these notes, and Kolchak's treasury notes. An imperial ruble was worth ten rubles of the other kind, of which there were innumerable counterfeits. These counterfeits were manufactured freely. Their makers did not even take the trouble to print the series and numbers on them. These were merely stamped with numbering machines. They passed current as readily as legitimate notes. When I left Siberia a dollar exchanged for 450 rubles.

Manufacturing was at a standstill, because there was no way of repairing worn-out and broken machinery. A person can get some conception of the range of prices from the following quotations: A Chinese coolie who used to be paid 30 or 40 kopecks a day received 400 rubles; an overcoat cost from 8000 to 10,000 rubles; a pair of American shoes, which formerly sold for 20 rubles now commanded from 2000 to 3000 rubles; a little apple was worth 25 rubles, and it took from 250 to 1200 rubles to buy lunch at a restaurant.

About 200,000 war prisoners are still left in Siberia, of whom some 5000 are in Japanese control. The condition of the latter is tolerable, for they get sufficient food and their personal safety is assured. But the condition of the remainder, who are still in the hands of the Russians, is indescribable — particularly those who remain east of Lake Baikal.

About the middle of October, 1918, I was transferred from the prison camp at Beresovka to Nikolsk-Ussursk. Altogether there were about 2500 officers and 400 privates in our party. We arrived on the first of November. After three days' delay we were detrained. A detachment of Cossacks fell upon us, beating us indiscriminately with their sabres and with whips. As usual we were quartered in double bunks. Each one was allotted a space of thirty centimetres. The barracks were in a dilapidated condition; many of the windows were out. We had no light. We were destitute of bedding, overcoats, clothes, and shoes. Many of our

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number had not had a shirt for more than a year. Our garments were mere tatters. Our feet were wrapped in rags. An American Red Cross Mission busied itself in our behalf, and we received from it blankets, overcoats, shirts, and socks. Thanks to their intervention we later were allotted more room, so that each person had about four feet of bunk. In the spring of 1919 the Welfare Workers in Vladivostok succeeded in getting a change of linen and about 50 rubles to each of the prisoners. The following October a Swiss Commission brought us some linen to be made up into garments, and also woolen for clothing, enough for about one person in four. Later our comrades in the two prison camps controlled by the Japanese also took up collections in our behalf. We suffered frightfully from cold that winter. Until summer came we did not even have straw to stuff our straw beds. We covered the openings in the windows with paper. For a room containing from 80 to 100 persons we received only a few handfuls of coal. We were never able to get the temperature more than three degrees above freezing. Our suffering from hunger is beyond description; for very rarely did one of our number receive money from home with which to supplement his rations. Between February and July our daily allotment of food consisted of about 40 decigrammes (14 ounces) of black bread, and bean or buckwheat soup. Sundays we had potato noodles with an indescribable sauce. In March, we had on two occasions, and for the last time, a diminutive piece of meat. We could count upon an allowance of 50 rubles, which was supplemented irregularly by 25 rubles given us by the Danes. After October our allowance was 100 rubles, but the Danish assistance ceased.

Only a few of the prisoners could get employment. They engaged as coal miners, street cleaners, drivers, and the like. Rarely indeed did a man find employment as a clerk, waiter, musician, or teacher. Those who obtained positions had to pay from 40 to 60 per cent of their earnings to the Russian commander. A few were allotted as laborers to the Cossack troops, and others to the English or American missions. The latter always treated the men humanely and provided them with excellent food and clothing. Every war prisoner seized eagerly upon an opportunity to procure employment whether he understood the task or not. Linguists served as engineers, bank clerks as electricians, judges as physicians, and lawyers as stable boys. I know two men who worked in succession as butchers, piano tuners, language teachers, bakers, cooks, and last of all as stone masons. Many prisoners learned a trade while in camp.

An effort was made to improve the condition of the prisoners by establishing household industries among them, such as basket making, book binding, broom making, and distilling. This succeeded at several places, but in most instances the experiment failed from lack of money to buy raw materials.

Whenever the Bolsheviki threatened a district, the prisoners were speedily transferred to another point to prevent their falling into the hands of the Soviet troops. Since the railways were not at their service, the prisoners were driven on foot to some place 500 or 600 miles away in detachments of about 1000 headed by mounted Cossacks. Any man who fell exhausted by the wayside was immediately killed. Usually about one fifth of the contingent arrived at its final destination.

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[*La Vanguardia* (Barcelona Clerical and Financial Daily), *March 27*]

WILSON AND MONROE

BY MARIANO RUBIÓ Y BELLVÉ

OUR Spanish public has followed with lively interest the debate upon the Treaty of Versailles in the Senate of the United States. It is unnecessary here to explain in detail the differences of opinion between Wilson and a majority of that legislative body. The important thing is not the details nor the reservations which may be approved or rejected. The significant aspect of this controversy is the state of sentiment it is creating. That state of sentiment discloses the profound difference between the ideals of the man who is to-day President of the great North American republic, and those of James Monroe, who was its President in the first quarter of the last century. Monroe followed a policy which has been summarized in the familiar phrase, 'America for the Americans.' During the critical years of the two terms during which he held the office, James Monroe devoted his entire attention to strictly national problems. He carried through difficult negotiations with France, England, and Spain, for the purpose of extending the territories of his country, and in these negotiations he displayed remarkable persistence, resolution, and skill. He was inspired less by a talent for utilizing chance opportunities than by an intense and vigorous patriotism, which sought first and foremost the prosperity and glory of his country. Therefore, Monroe stood for that national egoism, to which is due the grandeur and power of all peoples and all empires who have followed consistently its guidance. It is a system of statecraft lauded by men who have the qualities to pursue it with the promise of success, and condemned by those who, lacking the ability or desire to promote the greatness of their country, are morally outraged because all the rest of the world will not adopt their own policy of quietism and inaction.

Wilson conceived the duty of the United States in a very different manner. Since the American army had decided the immediate outcome of the war, he believed that the President of the republic which had accomplished this was entitled to the honor of guiding the world's destinies. He believed that he was personally capable of forcing the nations of Europe, exhausted as they were by their tremendous struggle, into any mould he might design for them. Conceiving his personal mission of salvation in so grandiose a manner, his national egoism was relegated to the background and the Monroe Doctrine, which had hitherto confined the interests of his fellow countrymen to their own hemisphere, thereby lost in his eyes its transcendent validity. All the world, and not America alone, was to be boxed up in a League of Nations, which he himself designed. Wilson considered that the people in his own country, who opposed such a project, were little men of petty minds upon whom it was not necessary to waste much attention. When he returned to America in February, 1919, he called them narrow-minded men, egoists, and provincials, incapable of raising themselves above their low and limited horizon.

If this divergence between the national egoism represented by Monroe and still inspiring a great majority of Americans, and Wilson's ideals, which made him say with Socrates, 'The world is my Fatherland,' had been merely academic, the two might have been reconciled by some compromise.

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But the people of the United States look upon political questions with a professional eye beyond the people of any other country. A citizen of that land is a democrat or a republican every day and every hour of his life. He is so vigorously and absolutely one or the other that his party relations become a second nature, as fixed and indelible as his physical complexion. It was one of the miracles of the war that these two parties united their forces for a short period. When President Wilson descended the steps from the speaker's platform in Congress after announcing the declaration of war against Germany, he met the stern and unbending Republican leader, Lodge, who shook his hand saying, 'Mr. President, you have shown your greatness in the most momentous decision a chief magistrate of the American republic has ever been called upon to make.'

While the war reconciled the two great historical parties of America, peace was the signal for renewing hostilities with more bitterness than ever. On the 5th of November, 1918, only a few days before the signing of the armistice, but when it was already certain that the victory had been won and hostilities would speedily cease, elections were held in the United States for half the members of the House of Representatives and one third of the Senate. Wilson did not keep aloof from this party struggle, but plunged into it with flying banners. He told the voters that if they wished him to continue to be rated their spokesman in domestic and foreign policies, it was necessary for them to declare their sentiments clearly by sending a democratic majority to both the House and the Senate. The voters listened intently to this exhortation, but only to disregard it. For the returns showed a victory for the Republicans: and Wilson, as he himself declared, ceased to be the spokesman of the American people.

But the President did not allow himself to be halted by this setback. He returned to France on the George Washington and pushed forward his project of a League of Nations. He seemed to have forgotten completely his defeat in the elections. He said that the makers of the League received their mandate from 1,200,000,000 men, and that he and the fourteen signatory Powers represented in the treaty stood for the whole human race. Wilson thus proclaimed himself the first man in creation. Never had a mere human being attained so high a position. Never had a single man assumed that all the races of the world were clustered at his feet proclaiming him their supreme leader. Outside of the palace of the Quai d'Orsay, where he pronounced these words, the crowds were cheering loudly, 'Viva Wilson, viva Wilson!' thus encouraging the mania of this sublime madman who conceived himself the mind of the human race.

The President returned to America after a noisy triumph in Europe, and there was brought up face to face with the stern fact that the Senate of the United States was not as docile-minded as the European populace. On the 3d of March, 1919, thirty-nine senators endorsed a resolution declaring that under the provisions of the Constitution no treaty could be ratified without the advice and consent of the Senate. Therefore, the structure built at Paris was not cemented by the endorsement of America, and from this resolution followed all the obstacles that have subsequently blocked the way to ratification. The Republicans said that their first duty was to look out for the interests of

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America, which they would not sacrifice to the theories incorporated in the Treaty of Versailles. They would not consent to depart from the traditional policy of the United States, which had been to avoid European entanglements.

To cap the climax of his misfortune, a sudden illness interrupted Wilson in the very act of appealing to the people against their legally elected representatives. Wilson believed that his propaganda trip, his numerous addresses at almost every important point in his immense country, would evoke from the masses another tremendous, 'Viva Wilson!' that would overwhelm the opposition of Lodge and his supporters. But the voice of the apostle was silenced. His form collapsed before the very eyes of his hearers. His Republican opponents were left with a free hand to tear to pieces the structure he had built to shelter universal peace.

America has not ratified the Treaty of Versailles. But in the same way that, when a disintegrating microbe lodges in an ancient organism, it soon breaks it down, so the party system of the United States has been unable to resist the powerful solvent of Wilson's ideals. Neither the old nor the new school of political thought has won an unqualified victory.

We shall have to wait until the presidential election to know the real mind of the American people regarding the theories of a President who has become a sacrifice to his cause. But whatever may be the outcome of the election, Wilson will be the eventual victor. He may fall lacerated and overwhelmed by his detractors; but it is certain that his fame in history will always raise him above the common level of mediocrity. He did conceive a grand ideal and he defended it to the last. If people belittle that ideal so much the worse for them, for it will eventually avenge itself upon its detractors. The fame of Lodge, unless it be ennobled by some later act, will be forgotten. The fame of Wilson will continue through all generations, and the halo of glory will illumine the memory of this distinguished Don Quixote, who sought to make peace perpetual and good will among all mankind a reality.

[*The London Telegraph* (Independent Daily), *April 14*]

LIFE IN PETROGRAD

A Russian gentleman who left Petrograd as recently as February 29 has kindly submitted himself to a cross-examination of two and a half hours on the present conditions of life in that town. He is a professional man, and, like the great majority of his class, was compelled to place his skill and knowledge at the service of the Bolsheviki. Of the many details which he related, the following may be of interest to the public:

Of recent months there has been little change in the outward picture of the town. Although the latter part of the winter was exceedingly cold, it is not true that the wooden surface of the principal streets has been removed as fuel. The thoroughfares remain as before, though very badly in need of repair. On the other hand, practically all the old wooden houses, which were quite numerous in some parts of the town, have been pulled down to keep domestic stoves going. The barges on the Neva and the canals have suffered a similar fate. Horses are exceedingly rare, and consequently little vehicular traffic is seen, but there is a fairly brisk flow of pedestrians in the Nevski Prospekt and other principal streets. About half the shops in the main thoroughfares are open. Some of them have

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recommenced business only in the last few months. Jewelers and dealers in fancy goods seem to have weathered the Bolshevist storm better than others. In many cases their windows present as attractive a display as they did in the old Tsarist days.

The markets are open regularly, and are well stocked with all kinds of provisions, which are, however, obtainable only at fantastic prices. Nothing can be sold by weight, as the government long ago requisitioned all the scales. The trams no longer run to the centre of the town, but drop their suburban passengers within easy walking distance of that area. Cabs and other public conveyances are hardly ever visible. Motor cars are a luxury confined to commissaries and other government functionaries. Rows of them can often be seen waiting outside the Hotel Astoria and other centres of government activity. Apart from the public eating houses, where only the most meagre of fare is obtainable, restaurants no longer exist. All the theatres and most of the other places of amusement are still open, and are well filled. For the most part the companies have remained unchanged by the revolution, and the old classical repertories are popular. Shakespeare was a good deal played during the past winter, and the works of Sheridan and Schiller were also given. Among Russian dramatists Tourgenieff, Ostrovski, and Tchekoff held their ground. The famous ballet at the Marieski Theatre (the old Imperial Opera House) has fallen away very little from its traditional standard. At 150 rubles for a seat it is a comparatively cheap form of entertainment. In this respect it offers a contrast to Ginesseli's Circus, which is still a private undertaking, and, being without the support of the banknote printing press, has to charge 500 rubles for admission.

During the severe weather of February the water pipes in nearly all the upper stories burst, and the whole population is now dependent on the taps in the cellars. The sanitary consequences of this need not be dwelt upon. When the summer comes they must enormously increase the epidemics of typhus and other diseases which are already raging. Electric current is supplied irregularly. Where there is a connection with a main also serving a government office, light can be had for the whole evening. Otherwise it is restricted to an hour or two. This irregularity is also found in street illumination. For some reason one main thoroughfare, the Voznessenski Prospekt, is always well lighted, but it is the exception. In most of the chief streets only a few lamps are kept burning, and the bulk of the city is plunged into darkness at nightfall. Footpads have, however, disappeared, and the pedestrian may wander the streets day or night without fear of robbery. The only molestation to which he is exposed is examination of his papers of identification by a military patrol in times of special political excitement. Normally order is cared for by a female militia. These women are smartly uniformed and armed with rifles. Of course, there is more than one possible explanation of the existing security, as there also is for the fact that prostitution has almost completely vanished from the streets.

My informant lived with his brother in the flat they had occupied before the revolution. The rent of the flat, which was quite modest as prices go in Russia to-day, was paid to the government, but the tenants had to do all repairs and renovations at their own expense. Altogether the premises were searched about twenty times by Red Guards. On one occasion a large store of provisions hidden in the walls was found,

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and confiscated. The silver was also taken, but a receipt was given for it. The brothers lived mainly by selling their furniture, which fetched enormous prices. They found that for between 100,000 and 150,000 rubles a month they could get along quite comfortably. In the summer they spent much of their spare time at the tennis club on Krestovki Island. The membership of this well-known club had fallen from 300 or 400 to about 80, but the courts were well patronized by smartly-dressed people, and coffee and cakes were always to be had at the ground.

While in general condemnatory of the Bolsheviki, my informant admitted that their work for children deserved recognition. All children of the artisan class are educated and fed free of cost. They are kept clean and tidy, and are much better nourished than the children of the middle class, though the latter might enjoy the same benefits if their parents were willing to subject them to Bolshevist influences. The students at the university and the technical colleges also receive their education free, and, in addition, a salary of 4000 to 5000 rubles a month. The post is also gratuitous, but outside Petrograd very uncertain in its operation.

Except for political offenses, the administration of justice by the 'People's Courts' is abundantly seasoned with mercy. A well-known man about town murdered an acquaintance for the purpose of robbery, poisoning his liquor and then cutting his throat to make assurance doubly sure. As his victim was also a bourgeois he was sentenced only to five years' 'public labor.' If he had killed a workman the punishment would probably have been much heavier. In sentences of this sort every day worked counts as a day and a half, so that the term is really a good deal shorter than it appears. My informant had never heard of Bolsheviki torturing accused persons, and does not believe that they have ever done so in Petrograd, though he has no doubt that atrocities of this kind have taken place near the fighting fronts.

Of the moral level of the Bolshevist bureaucracy my informant has a very low opinion. He says that practically everything can be done or is obtainable through money. Under the Tsarist régime people both gave and took bribes with a show, if not a sense, of shame. Now that has changed. If you want a permit or to avoid the consequences of detected 'speculation,' you simply ask 'How much?' My informant's brother was caught illicitly trading in cigarettes. In this case the price of immunity was 15,000 rubles, and the wares. At the same time, it is admitted that the Bolsheviki make serious attempts to cleanse their officialdom from its corrupt elements, and inflict drastic punishments with this object. During the past summer they carried out a purge of the Communist party, and reduced its membership by about 50 per cent. They have realized that it is more to their advantage to have a small party which they can trust absolutely than a large one of doubtful loyalty. That the Bolsheviki have very little hold on the masses my informant has no doubt whatever.

[*Kölnische Zeitung* (Conservative Daily), English Occupied Territory, *January 25*]

A WINTER JOURNEY TO FINLAND

THE stream of travelers from every country in the world that during the period of the war was forced to make a wide detour through Sweden as far as Habranda in order to get further eastward, is now diverted through the custom house on the shores of the Bal-

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tic in Stockholm. The inspection is as strict as possible. Only after several passport revisions is a traveler allowed to pass up the narrow companion-way to his vessel — that narrow footpath is the only passage to the north, to the land of Bolshevist propaganda, which is perhaps more feared on account of its proximity than conditions justify. Sharp eyes survey everyone who passes, and evidently the watchers would fain read their hearts and thoughts.

Caution, reserve, and distrust characterize the travelers until they have formed little groups and become acquainted. A few English couriers, officers of rank, who do not allow their dispatch boxes with their heavy seals to leave their hands even in the dining saloon, keep apart from the others. They are proceeding to Reval and more distant points in the Baltic provinces where people have been scheming for months for the estate of Peter the Great. Italian aviation officers are more talkative and relate their adventures to their table companions — how they flew over the snow-crowned summits of the Alps to attack the defenders of old Austria. The few Russians among the passengers have become very modest. Five years ago they took the lead in conversation in this part of the world. Even with the best recommendations they have difficulty in securing permission to enter the country of which they were formerly such harsh masters. The only passengers who are lively and jovial are the Swedes. Vessels en route for Finland are a paradise for those who love liquor. Sweden has placed many legislative restrictions on the traffic and strict prohibition is enforced in Finland. A Stockholm actor said to me with affected tears of sorrow in his eyes as he gazed on a flask of punch: 'To-morrow, we'll be bone dry.' Accordingly, *carpe diem!* Thirsty souls crowd around the trim bar tenders who serve whiskey and mixed drinks, as if for a sacred ceremony. The foreigners from the West and South have long disappeared from the fray before the hardy sons of the North begin to weaken. So, the good steamer, with its flowing hospitality, makes its way through the tinkling ice fields that glitter in the moonlight, and past the twinkling lighthouses of the rocky coast, to its destination.

The magic of the Swedish archipelago holds us entranced. For hours our steamer threads its way past great islands, whose evergreen forests come down to the verge of the reddish gray cliffs that overhang the beaches. Here and there a peasant's cottage, painted bright red, and capped with a bonnet of snow, attracts our eye to a small wharf and a sail boat anchored close in to shore. Except for these rare interruptions, nature reigns in its primeval loneliness. Gradually, the islands grow smaller, terminating in a number of little islets beyond which extends the unbroken sea. Even at this remote point are solitary homes tenanted by fishermen and hunters, who in their fragile craft seek the harvest of the sea, or lay toll upon the wild fowl that nest wherever the precipices protect them from the bitter northern winds. These are people who know nothing of the new era — of eight-hour days and equal rights to all the luxuries and joys of life.

A broad arm of the sea, which it takes two hours to cross, lies between the last bit of the Swedish territory and the beginning of the Finnish archipelago. Finnish officers are waiting in spite of the early hour when we arrive at Mariehamn, the principal town of the Aland Islands. We note at once the Russian design of the little low buildings around the wharves, the

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Russian jackboots and fur caps, the Cossack saddles, and the tiny carts driven occasionally by a man in a made-over Russian uniform. These are the last remnants of the old era. The smartly-clad Swedish officers present a sharp contrast to their Finnish colleagues, whose old, campaign-worn uniforms show the signs of wind and weather. One Jager officer, nevertheless, carries an ornament of which he is very proud — an iron cross which he won under the old German Empire. He is recounting his adventures in our service to an open-mouthed group of bystanders when we leave.

The town of Obo, which is a gate to Finland during the dark winter months, is to-day the centre of Swedish influence, Swedish civilization, and Swedish speech in Finland. A mighty castle, and an old cathedral remain as witnesses of the mediæval Swedish period. In those old days, Swedish princes ruled in the castle, sometimes exiles from their native country. The importance of the town as a centre of Swedish culture has been revived by the reopening of the University. Before the war, the city maintained itself mainly by trade with Western Europe. When the war broke out there was a temporary period of depression followed by days of unprecedented prosperity. Shares in local corporations increased from 200 to 3000 per cent, during the next two or three years. Fortunes were accumulated almost overnight. War profiteers were in their glory, taking toll of the merchandise that poured in a great stream from Western Europe into Russia. Then came a few lean months when Finland was occupied by Germany. Its business men were much occupied immediately thereafter, convincing their western correspondents that they had not been pro-German.

Now, war and revolution have brought commercial disaster upon the country. Formerly it was one of the cheapest lands in Europe for the traveler. Now it ranks among the first in high prices. The housing shortage is so acute as to create incredible situations. After a long search I chanced upon plainly furnished quarters consisting of two rooms. They are reported very cheap, for I can have them for 2000 marks a month. The landlord said: 'You had better take them at once, sir; they are the first vacancy in four months.' There is an odd condition attached, however. A costly wardrobe in the corner cannot be rented because it is an heirloom, which the owners consider would be desecrated if strangers use it. Accordingly, 'you will have to buy it; the price is 15,000 marks. That is very cheap, sir. Just think what it is likely to be next year.' A person is quite overpowered by the prices he must pay when he comes here with fresh memories of what they were in 1914. That year, I traveled all over Finland for four weeks for 200 rubles, and I was so well fed that I had to stipulate before I engaged quarters at the excellent tourist hotels one found everywhere, that they should feed me something else than trout and ham. To-day, a trip of that kind would cost at least 75,000 rubles and one would get mighty scanty fare at that. Lower prices cannot be anticipated, for the currency is going from bad to worse. Finland sacrificed grain farming for dairying and is no longer self-supporting. It is the most thinly populated country of Europe and still has been obliged to retain bread cards.

Helsingfors has changed a great deal since Russian days. The old elegance and joyousness and love of life and entertainment have vanished. Such things departed with the last Russians. In their place appears a dull, drab

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week-day sentiment. That is not due solely to the fact that prohibition is now strictly enforced and the restaurants and cafés are deserted. People want order, labor, and peace, although a few impetuous youngsters still regret the excitement of the revolution.

In the heart of Helsingfors there is a park shaded by elms and oaks. Ages ago it was the churchyard of the neighboring parish. The tombstones are hardly legible in the deep snow, and a row of fresh crosses is visible only in the most protected part of the grove. A pathway carefully kept open leads through the snow to a great mound surmounted by an imposing monument. Every morning when I passed, I saw fresh pine boughs lying upon the hill, sometimes accompanied by roses or a wreath. These are the graves of the German soldiers whom the rescued city of Helsingfors received to its heart, and its people perform this loving service for many an old mother in their native land who will never be able to make the long, expensive journey to the last resting place of her son. Even to-day one frequently hears in Finland, *Deutschland über Alles*. Whenever German generals or public men visit the country they are received with tremendous enthusiasm. When Hindenburg was here the whole public greeted him with this German song quite regardless of the French officers in their midst.

[*Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (Swiss Liberal Republican Daily), *April* 18]

SAVING EUROPE

BY ALFRED H. FRIED

No more dangerous blunder could be made than to assume that because fighting has stopped and a treaty has been signed we have peace. We are witnessing again the old, hoary, time-resisting misconception of peace which even the storms of the World War have not blown out of the foggy minds of men. How often thinkers have tried to show that military action is not a necessary feature of war. Any system of international relations based solely upon force is war. War may continue although no guns are fired. Insecurity, personal restraints, general antagonism, a belief that our own safety and freedom are endangered by others, being on the alert to kill and destroy in order to avoid death and destruction—this is the essence of war. Such sentiments may be latent or acute. Even before 1914 the nations of Europe were at war. At the latter date latent war merely assumed an explosive form, which continued until November, 1918, when it subsided to another semi-quiescent stage. That still continues: we are even now at war. The peace which we sought is yet to come.

Our covenant of a League of Nations is merely the first streak of the dawn of future peace. It is a hardly distinguishable premonition of what peace really is. Community, reciprocity, compromise, acting in the spirit of justice, joint maintenance of order, limiting the exercise of force to police functions—if we already had these, the progress of nations would be rapid and unhampered. There would be no barriers to that progress, but constantly accumulating momentum toward its ends. Every advance made by one nation would profit all other nations. Our common efforts would contribute to the common welfare of humanity. There would be no more wasted energy; security, progress, prosperity would be universal. Destructive energy would disappear. That is really peace. But how far we are from such a condition to-day! In the old days before the universal

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catastrophe which has just befallen us, many argued that mankind must undergo the shock of a great war before peace could prevail among nations. We have experienced this war, but the results are merely added anarchy, more deadly enmity, a wilder savagery than ever — latent war.

What is the road to salvation? The existence of Europe is at stake. America appears apathetic toward our fate. Assuredly the spirit of brotherhood will eventually shine through the clouds of war passion, which for the time being completely obscure it. But that will be too late for the old world, certainly too late. Europe must save itself: it cannot hope for rescue from without. How is our shattered, ruined, bleeding, wrangling, combating mass of humanity to recover its reason and to join in this endeavor? No victor has emerged from the World War; we have only nations vanquished in different degrees. England is the least defeated. It has won partial compensation for its sacrifices. Consequently the first evidences of recovery already appear in that country. A vision is returning there of the change which must occur in the relations of mankind, if the death of the world is to be averted. In that country, also, we are aware of a determination to find a way of escape. For the English now see that the Versailles Treaty affords no guidance for reconstructing civilization, but merely accentuates anarchy, and instead is a deadly enemy of the civilization and imperils the survival of Europe. The greatest obstacles to a revival of the will to rescue the world are the nations which, regardless of whether they are nominally victors or vanquished, have lost the war. These are France and Germany. France resists the new light because it regards the treaty as its best protection against Germany. Germany is blinded because its internal situation prevents the recovery of the confidence which is essential, if the treaty is to be revised. The war has not removed the clash of interests between these two nations but strengthened it. France fears its own extermination by a reinvigorated Germany. Germany regards France, intimidated at the prospect of its neighbor's recovery, as the principal cause of its present oppression and prospective ruin. Here we have an example of political anarchy in its highest terms, a situation where the mere existence of one country is regarded as fatal to another country. This frightful, irrepressible conflict between Germany and France is both the outcome and the origin of political anarchy. Before the war it marked the plague-spot of Europe. Since the war it has marked the plague-spot of a hemisphere. Europe will never recover so long as Germany and France each regard the existence of the other as endangering its own survival. Europe is going to be ruined by Germany and France, if their mutual hostility is permitted to prevent the substitution of permanent peace for our present political anarchy.

There is only one way to remove this obstacle. Sentiments, feelings, and traditions that are interwoven with the very nature of these two nations must be rooted out. What is at stake justifies an unprecedented effort. It is the only hope left us. France and Germany must come to their senses; they must recognize their community of interest. They must bridge over the stream of blood that parts them, they must cleave their way through the thick fog of hatred, that devil's enchantment that walls them from each other and condemns them to mutual destruction. In doing this they can save Europe.

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[*To-day*]

INSTEAD OF A SPRING SONG

BY HOLBROOK JACKSON

> For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. . . .

SOMETIMES the happiest of us feel that life is of little value in this work-aday world. The sun shines, and we go on working; winds shout, birds sing; memories of colored cities in brighter climes invite us, and the rolling, bare-backed downs beckon — but all for nothing; we go on working. We go on working, most of us, merely for daily bread, and the remainder to encourage the others. But we have to nudge each other to remind ourselves that we like it, for all that; and when the spring-fret comes we know we don't! I should like to write about this spring-fret, but no one would thank me if I did; few have understanding of such things, and I am not one of those who write to give people understanding: I write for those who have it.

I do not think you can give people anything worth having; we, all of us, have the real things within us, if we only knew it, and the spring-fret is one of them. It comes on one day of the year, in the morning, generally on the first morning of spring. I do not mean on March 21. That need not necessarily be the first day of spring. The first day of spring is the first day after the winter on which the sun lights things up; the day on which you are brought face to face again with the facts of light — when a white door becomes opalescent, when the dull buds of the hawthorn twinkle into stars of green fire, when the leafless plane trees waken into shadowy green and gray traceries. Then beware, or, if you are fearless, be glad, for the spring-fret may be on you at any moment, and during its continuance you are not worth your salt in places where men buy and sell.

But, in spite of that, the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver and the gain thereof than fine gold. It is the invitation of the sun, it is the whisper of the wild bidding you lay down your tools and your nets and follow, follow, you know not whither, for man knows not what is good or bad for him. You only know that when the white door becomes opalescent, and the hawthorn buds green fire, you suffer a kind of nausea in the face of all humdrum things, and long to have done with them, to break free, to run wild for a time.

And why should you not? But that is not the point; the point is, why do you not? For you do not; you simply fight it down, like the good, sensible fellow you are. You fight it down and plunge into the brown air of commerce again, until next year. It is always next year, 'always jam to-morrow,' as Alice said, 'but never jam to-day,' and when the same old spur to rebellion comes at you again — once more you

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force it from you, for next year, like tomorrow, never comes. But the day will come when the light will shine full on common things, giving them distinction, and you will see it not. In that hour the spring-fret will pass you by. 'The grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail. . . .' You will not look through your office window at the blue sky interlaced with telephone cables, and yearn for Saskatchewan, or shake your fist at the engine on Ludgate Bridge, protesting your determination to fly to the South Seas. You will be too old.

That is life's tragedy — to find suddenly that you are too old; to find that you no longer desire to play truant, that you are become a mere Mantalini doomed to know only that 'life is nothing but one demnition grind,' even when the spring comes in, and the sun wakes up, and the Strand and Cheapside become temples of light; to find that you are good for nothing but to stay at home and be good. I suppose that is the fate of most of us, and perhaps we deserve it. Well, well, let me be generous, and say we do; for if we did otherwise deserve, and answered not the promptings of the spring-fret, then I should have to say a worse thing. It is not good at all times to ride our souls on the curb. We should give them their heads when they seem to need it — that is, when the need becomes sufficiently dominant. Needs are made to be gratified, even if they seem only to be whims. Let us not be supercilious about whims like the spring-fret, for it, I firmly believe, is Nature's summons to growth. It is the old divine frenzy of life working within us, urging us to slough our habits as the snake casts his skin. Let us answer in the same spirit.

'That,' I fancy I hear you say, 'is all very well, but what shall we do; how can we answer in the same spirit?' And there, if I may say it, you have me. I did not set out to tell you how to answer the spring-fret, because I don't know. I know, to be sure, how I shall answer it, or rather, how I have answered it, after I have done so; and I know also how my friend will answer it, the friend who babbled o' sunny climes and eternal afternoons of loafing, the while he fed himself with chump chop and *pommes sautées;* but as for you, dear reader, to tell you the truth, you have the advantage of me. I sympathize with you, but I know you not. Were it otherwise, I doubt if I could be of much use, because each of us answers the spring-fret in his own way.

Should you be young and at school, you play truant, and take the ultimate thwackings at the appointed hour (for there is always an appointed hour) without regret. Are you a little older (or much older, as the case may be), you fall in love — you know the poetics of it: 'In the spring, the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love'— and there are worse eventualities; but let us not waste time and space on what is obvious. Then, if you are of no particular age, but just on the right side of being alive, you — well, there it is, no one can say of a certainty what you will do, but you will of a certainty do it. You will, in short, let the spring-fret have its way with you, even if you lose money in the transaction.

All this may sound nonsense, and I am not one of those who would for a moment suggest another name for it. Nonsense it may be, and nonsense we shall let it be; but is it any the worse for that?

The sensible things to do are associated with keeping yourself in hand, well in hand, for the matter of that; and, when the spring urges, not to throw down your tools has been the method and habit of all sensible folk

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from time immemorial. But the foolish ones have done otherwise. They have yielded to the spring-fret, and at the end of the day's march they have laughed quietly to themselves, quietly and gladly, at the thought of the rebel days, and they have gone hence murmuring to their consciences that, in spite of all and after all, it has been somehow good: life has been spent. As for the others at the same lone hour, they also say things to themselves, but the things they say are far different. They say, 'Alas, how good it might have been!' But I must not end on so sad a note, for, after all, we are not dead yet.

Not dead yet, did I say? I must be careful, for, one never knows about such things. The presence of death, the existence of death, is highly debatable. It is not only the dead who are dead; the living are often in the same sad plight. Indeed, there are evidences to prove that the dead are not so dead as those who imagine they know would have us believe. And when I look about me, and take stock, as it were, of my fellow men, I am often moved by the reflection that all is not well with them (or me, for the matter of that), that, in short, they are not quite so much alive as they think they are.

The attitude toward the spring-fret is the real test; it tells us who's who more vividly than any stout year book of celebrities. You just want to watch people under the thrall of the thing, and, watching carefully, you may note differences. You may realize, in fact, that the laughter and the light of things are entangled with the peculiar restlessness which comes upon men and animals at this time of the year. And now, I fancy, I must close as rapidly as may be, or there is danger of these words lapsing into moral reflections, which would be absurd. Moral concepts and the spring-fret have nothing in common. At the same time, the spring-fret and morals have no particular enmity — their quarrel is too ancient for that. They have long since grown to ignore each other, and will continue doing so, until one or the other passes hence.

[*Le Figaro.*]

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL

BY GUSTAVE KAHN

Raymond Bucart stood pensively before his canvas. His master, Chamboulard, the Academician, had said to him on varnishing day, 'You've hit it; your work will make those damned innovators look green,' but Têrrier, the 'advanced' critic, had written, 'M. Bucart's study of the Virgin is but a young washerwoman daubed in cold cream; it is the very model of second-rate school work.' Perplexed, Raymond Bucart appealed to the public. He would stand near his canvas and hear the remarks of the Sunday visitors. But the visitors, alas, said nothing. 'The Virgin and Child, by Bucart' failed to quicken them to speech. The painter had been standing for nearly an hour in this intellectual desert, when he saw coming toward his picture a man of advanced middle age whose aspect was that of a wealthy burgess. The newcomer, however, paid little attention to the painting. It was rather the painter himself who interested this observer.

Now Bucart thought himself perhaps worth a glance, for his features were regular, his complexion clear and olive-colored, and his solid physique well set off by his Bohemian dress, but he felt ill at ease under so steady a glance. He was about to say something direct, when the visitor bowed and said:

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'Is n't your name Bucart?'

'Yes, my name is Bucart, and here is my canvas.'

'Ah, you are also a painter?'

'Also? I am only a painter.'

'Ah, so you are a painter. Well! Well! And that painting of the Holy Virgin, how much will you sell it for?'

'Five thousand francs,' replied Bucart with sudden daring.

'I'll take it. And if you have other paintings, I'll come to see them. Here is my card; now give me yours. Till we meet again, Monsieur.'

And the visitor casually strolled away, without even stopping to look at his picture. Bucart hardly believed in his luck until his client came to his studio, counted out the five thousand francs, and bought another half dozen paintings!

But a new surprise awaited Bucart. When he carried 'The Virgin and Child' to the home of M. Rastugue, his mysterious client, he discovered that but one canvas hung upon the walls. This was a sign done by some journeyman sign-painter, entitled 'The Guardian Angel.' It showed an angel shielding a baby's cradle with its wings. Presently he recalled that his wife, Madame Jeanne Bucart, a clever girl with a knowledge of the world, had advised him to make M. Rastugue a pleasant offer.

'Monsieur Rastugue,' said the painter, 'do you know what I should like to offer you as a gage of friendship and in a purely friendly way? Your portrait.'

'Painting the portrait of an old man would be a dull task,' murmured Rastugue. 'However, we shall see. A little later, perhaps. I am going to hang your pictures in my dining room, so you will find yourself in a friendly atmosphere when you shall come here to dinner. If Madame Bucart will do me the honor. . . .'

'It will give her great pleasure.'

'Better than ever. As for the portrait, we shall talk of it again.'

Madame Bucart was very much intrigued. The purchase of her husband's canvases had been a source of joy and of meditation. Not for an instant did she believe the sale evidence of her husband's talents as a painter.

Gentil, a good companion, an amusing guitarist, all of that, yes— a good painter, never in the world. She paused for an instant on the threshold of romantic visions, and saw herself repulsing the subtle advances of an amorous Rastugue, and then went on to consider other explanations. She made her husband describe Rastugue over and over again; she dreamed of some pretext for going to see him. Could he be a relative? A friend of Raymond's father? But the young painter could not tell her. 'I was a nursing child at my foster mother's when my father died,' said he; 'my childhood memories are but shallow pools.'

Madame Bucart's next step was to make inquiries in regard to the death of her husband's father. Old Brasier of the Institute informed her paternally that Pierre Bucart had been found dead one morning on a divan. He had lost his wife, and was drinking heavily in search of forgetfulness. He used to stay out nights. The doctors called it a congestion. Yes, he had been found fully dressed on the divan. The inquest brought out the fact that the door of the house had been open, but so natural was M. Bucart's death, that no one had thought of making a stir because of this casual fact.

Madame Bucart, once more straying into romance, then decided that Rastugue must have murdered her husband's father. She began to have qualms about her husband accept-

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ing money from the slayer. Trying hard to conceal her emotion, she said to her husband, 'Tell me, was your father rich?'

'Did n't have a cent,' replied Bucart.

The romance crumbled. But get at the truth she would! Ah! that Rastugue — she would make him tell. She would go to see him, she would not need a pretext for her visit. She went. Rastugue received her with a gracious and benevolent air. Madame Bucart confessed to herself that her husband's mysterious client did not look like an assassin. Ah, but there are hypocrites.

'Monsieur Rastugue,' she began, 'my coming here will seem queer to you; I beg you to excuse it; it is tenderness for my husband which dictates it. M. Bucart is very unhappy.'

'And why?'

'Because of what you have done.'

'Oh, I say ——'

'You have been so generous in your purchases.'

'I shall continue to make them.'

'You like paintings?'

'Yes, it is a taste which takes hold of me now and then.'

'My husband is very much upset at your refusal of the portrait he offered you.'

'Oh, I did not want him to waste his time.'

'Then perhaps you will accept something from him which will not cause him to waste his time; a something which he holds in high regard.'

'And it is?'

'A picture painted by his father.'

'Is it a large one?'

'Not very.'

'I accept. I shall hang the picture beside "The Guardian Angel."'

'You knew my husband's father?'

'Yes, a little.'

'He was your client?'

M. Rastugue grew uneasy.

'He came to your shop to buy colors, perhaps,' continued the young woman insinuatingly.

'Oh, no, I kept a salt provisions shop.'

'Ah! dear Monsieur, if you know something about the late M. Bucart you really must tell my husband. He loves to hear about his father.'

'I think I'd better not.'

'Better not? Oh, why?'

The old man, puzzled, stared at his questioner. She sat on the edge of her chair, her eyes bulging with curiosity. Rastugue shrugged his shoulders, clasped his hands behind his back, and walked two or three times round the room.

'It would not give your husband the slightest pleasure. But to you, who will probably never repeat it, I can say this — Pierre Bucart, your husband's father, loved to end his evening in a wine shop near the markets. He was then drinking heavily. I was a homeless fellow, glad to be allowed to sleep under the bridges of the Seine. One evening as I was wandering about in my misery, an old companion called to me and said:

'"Come to Niquet's; he needs some more guardian angels. You get your board, and tips besides."'

'Ah — your sign.'

'It is a souvenir of my wandering days. I was a restless, nervous, unsettled kind of fellow. To be brief, I accepted. The guardian angels were lads of my class, strong and honest, a picked lot. When a client of the café was too drunk to be allowed to go home alone or feared the apaches of the quarter, he was handed over to us, and we took him safely to his door. Thus it came to pass that I often brought M. Bucart home.'

'It is said that the door of his house was not locked on the night of his death.'

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'It is possible that one of us forgot to close it. To be brief again, the last time that I took him home he was very, very much under the weather. We walked side by side; he talked unintelligibly. Quite often he used to ask me to look after his pocketbook and return it to him the following morning. Well, on the day he died, I could find no one to whom to give the pocketbook. He was a widower you see, and his child was in a country village. The pocketbook was no klondyke, madame, there were perhaps a thousand francs altogether. Well, I was doing no one a harm; I kept the money and speculated. When I became well-to-do, a kind of remorse took possession of me; I patronized charities which I thought he might be interested in, but that was not enough. By chance one day I wandered into the Salon. What a shock I had when I saw your husband! The same head, the same name, the same profession. I bought his canvas. I have lived like an old bear, madame, and I have no children. It's a thing that twists one's heart, madame. Well — when you are worried, I want you to think of me as an old uncle. I ask only that your husband be not troubled by the story. Will you call it a bargain?'

'I would much rather kiss you,' said Madame Bucart. And she suited the action to the word.

[*Cornhill Magazine*]

THE BOYHOOD OF WORDSWORTH

BORN APRIL 7, 1770

BY GORDON G. WORDSWORTH

1. *Home*

A point of life between my parents' dust
And yours, my buried Little-ones, am I.

WE know all too little of the life of the household to which William Wordsworth was born, on the 7th of April, 150 years ago. His mother,

She who was the heart
And hinge of all our learnings and our loves,

died when she was barely 30, his father barely 42. Neither of them left a will. Administrators — a brother of each parent — were appointed to wind up the complicated finances, and to assume responsibility for the education of the five orphans, a duty they performed more or less conscientiously, if somewhat perfunctorily. The furniture, and everything movable, was sold with the least possible loss of time. The house reverted to its owner. The children after leaving school were all 'squandered abroad,' in Dorothy's own phrase, and Cockermouth knew them no more. A cherished Family Bible is almost the only relic of that ill-fated household that remains to its descendants.

Still, a certain amount of information has been gathered from an inspection of the legal papers in the keeping of the representatives of the family lawyers, and still more from a volume which has only recently come

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to light, and offers instructive details concerning the middle-class provincial life, during the eighteenth century, in which the poet and his brothers and sister were brought up. This volume is a small quarto book of some 260 pages, and is written throughout in John Wordsworth's beautiful eighteenth-century penmanship, and entitled: *Rental of Lands and Schedule of Real and Personal Securities Belonging to Jno. Wordsworth.*

John Wordsworth (1741–1783) was the second son, and fourth and youngest child, of Richard Wordsworth (1690–1760) who, coming from Yorkshire into Westmorland, became steward of the Lowther property from 1723 to 1737, if not longer, and Clerk of the Peace for Westmorland from 1745 to 1750. Richard, the poet's grandfather, married in 1732 Mary Robinson of Appleby, one of a family, who, with their kinsmen the Parkins, well-nigh monopolized at that time the municipal honors of that tiny borough and county town. Shortly afterwards he bought a property at Sockbridge, a hamlet some two miles southwest of Penrith, and there spent the remainder of his life. On December 18, 1745, the last engagement fought on British soil took place at Clifton, hardly two miles away, but we are told that the Clerk of the Peace, who was mindful of his title, and was also Receiver-General for the County, had prudently removed the public funds into the fastnesses of the mountains. Fifteen years later he died.

John followed his father in the law and in the service of the house of Lowther, but we have no record of his general education, his training for a legal life, or his manner of entry upon it. There is evidence, however, that he was resident at Cockermouth by December, 1764, when he was 23, and as we read in Ferguson's *Cumberland and Westmorland M.P.'s*,* that 'after 1761 the supineness of the then Earl of Egremont abandoned the borough to the Lowthers, who bought up all the tenements that could give votes,' it would seem that Sir James Lowther sent the son of his former steward to supervise his interests there, as he had already employed John's first cousin, the celebrated 'Jack Robinson,' in a similar capacity at Appleby. At all events, at Cockermouth, Sir James and his youthful agent were no less successful than their Wyndham predecessors in safely pocketing their borough, for no election was contested within it between 1722 and 1818.†

Wordsworth himself defined his father's position as 'attorney-at-law and law-agent to Sir James Lowther, afterwards Earl of Lonsdale,' but plenty of other work came to hand. Law-agent meant political agent for the magnate who has been described as the Napoleon of borough-mongering, and John Wordsworth's activities were not confined to Cockermouth. If the latter seat was safe, it was far otherwise with the County of Cumberland and the contumacious City of Carlisle, and at the critical elections of 1768 and 1774 the 'law-agent' had his hands very full. He was Bailiff of the Borough of Cockermouth, an office that carried with it that of Recording Officer, and was therefore not without potential value to the representative of the Lowther interest.

He also became, in the old-world phraseology, Coroner of the Seigniory of Millom, a large tract of territory bounded by the sea, the Duddon, and the Esk, which Sir James Lowther purchased in 1774 from the heiress of the Hudlestons for £20,000. The Coroner's duties were to maintain the interests of his employer, and it was on his return from their fulfillment that

* Page 321. † *Ibid.*, page 171.

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he lost his way riding over Cold Fell, and contracted the illness to which he succumbed on December 30, 1783.

John Wordsworth's memorandum book, already referred to, begins with an abstract of his father's will, dated June 7, 1760, and continues with a record of the subsequent transactions with his mother, his brother Richard, and his sister Ann, wife of the Reverend Thomas Myers. His father died within three weeks of the signing of his will, leaving the estate at Sockbridge to his widow for her life, and afterward to his son John, but on January 2, 1765, an agreement was made whereby the mother handed over all her interest in the property to her son John, in return for an annuity of £50 to be paid to her by him. No bequest to John Wordsworth is mentioned, except this reversionary interest. In the following May, Mrs. Wordsworth left Sockbridge to reside with her elder son, who was Collector of Customs at the port of Whitehaven, where she remained till her death in 1773.

His mother's departure was the prelude to John Wordsworth's engagement to Ann Cookson, a daughter of the leading mercer of Penrith and his wife Dorothy, sister and heiress of James Crackanthorpe of Newbiggin Hall. On page 10 of the memorandum book its methodical compiler gives his marriage contract, dated February 4, 1766, by which William Cookson undertook to pay John Wordsworth £500 on the day of the latter's marriage, and to sign a bond for another £500, payable within twelve months of his death, and to make his daughter Ann equal in point of fortune with the rest of his younger children (of whom only one survived her). In return John Wordsworth undertook to leave his wife such an annual sum as should be equivalent to a full third part of all his freehold lands. The marriage took place on the following day, the bride just 18, the bridegroom just 24.

The marriage settlement is followed by 25 or so pages given up to details of the acreage, receipts, and payments in connection with the Sockbridge property, which remained let after the departure of Mrs. Wordsworth. There were also the various 'Cattle Gates' upon the moor, the property of Ingmire Close in Penrith (which John Wordsworth had bought from his father-in-law in the year of his marriage, and retained to his death in order to secure a vote for Cumberland), as well as the two fields called St. Leonards and Sand-Air on either side of the Derwent, below the bridge at Cockermouth, which he farmed himself from the date of their purchase for £200 in 1771 till his death. On them he grazed his mare and a cow, and the name Sand-Air (*? area*) suggests 'the sandy fields' in which the future poet

> made one long bathing of a summer's day.

There were other small properties in various parts of Cumberland, including the Town End tenement at Ravenglass, of the sale of which on September 14, 1816, Crabb Robinson gives a racy account.

Apparently a less successful venture was one of £23 10*s.* 0*d.*, in '$\frac{1}{32}$ share of the Brigg Welcome of Mary-Port,' for only one 'Dividend of profits' was received. Perhaps the good Brigg Welcome fell into the hands of Paul Jones, who was raiding the coast of Cumberland at that time. On the other hand he was for the most part repaid by the kinsfolk and others, to whom he advanced sundry loans. They are recorded with great care; on the left-hand page the amount due, and on the right the amount paid or received, as the case might be. We learn that he had several clerks; and until his wife's death a succession of men-servants —

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not without domestic tribulation — for the first of them after a year's service 'ran away, hav^{g} rob^{d} me.' His successors at the higher annual wage of eight guineas were more honest, honesty at first being assured by their master's prudent system of deferred payments.

That John Wordsworth took a pride in his garden is shown by his daughter Dorothy, in an unpublished letter to Lady Beaumont dated August 7, 1805:

> The house where my Brothers and I were born, and where my Father died . . . is at the outskirts of the town, the garden bordering on the river Derwent, or rather a *Terrace* which overlooks the river, a spot which I remember as vividly as if I had been there but the other day, though I have never seen it in its neatness, as my Father and Mother used to keep it, since I was just six years old, a few months before my Mother's death. I visited the place again at the age of twenty-three, and all was in ruin, the terrace walk buried and choked up with the old privot hedge, which had formerly been most beautiful — roses and privot intermingled — the same hedge where the sparrows were used to build their nests.

Wordsworth, in his note to the poem on 'The Sparrow's Nest,' gives a similar account of the terrace, with its 'fine view of the river and Castle.' The work was done by a jobbing gardener whose payments are methodically entered in the account book.

Many pages are taken up with the various outgoings of the household for stores, provisions, repairs, etc. For 10 months, however, from March 6, 1775, we find 'an Account of House Expenses,' which simply consists of 'gave my wife for Market, £1 1*s.* 0*d.*' on every Monday, Monday being market day in Cockermouth. The tradesman's account that goes farthest back is that of the painter for the period December, 1764, to April, 1766; and as the first account is much larger than its successors, it would seem that considerable decoration and renovation were undertaken for the reception of the new mistress in February, 1766.

The apothecary's accounts suggest a healthy household, but were abnormally heavy (£4 8*s.* 10*d.*) for the two and a half months ending March 8, 1778, the day of Mrs. Wordsworth's death at Penrith. After July, 1779, £1 13*s.* 8*d.* sufficed for the apothecary's claim for nearly three years.

The hospitality of the house in no way ran contrary to the tendency of the age in regard to the consumption of wine and spirits, on which no less a sum than £182 4*s.* 3*d.*, was expended in the course of 12 years — 'White wine,' port, sherry, rum, gin, and brandy are all specified, both in cask and bottle. Payments to the brewery company for small beer for the same period totaled £66 4*s.* 7*d.*, and there is another page of entries headed 'Malt,' which includes occasional half-barrels of porter. Very possibly entertainment on a generous scale was expected of a man in the position of Sir James Lowther's representative, especially at election times. The coal bill makes strange reading nowadays. In 1782 eight cartloads, brought from a pit five miles away, cost 10*s.*

A careful study of the accounts gives ground for the conjecture that lengthy visits of the whole family to the grandparents at Penrith, as Wordsworth himself has hinted, were by no means infrequent.

As illustrating the manners of the time, it may be noted that the funeral expenses of John Wordsworth, given in the administrators' accounts, amounted to £62 17*s.* 0½*d.*

II. *School*

> Fair seed-time had my soul, and I grew up
> Fostered alike by beauty and by fear:
> Much favored in my birthplace, and no less
> In that beloved Vale to which ere long
> We were transplanted.

The pages devoted by John Wordsworth to the cost of the education of

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his children are of special interest. Richard (born August 19, 1768) was entered at the Reverend Mr. Gilbanks's Grammar School at Cockermouth in April, 1774, and was joined there in April, 1776, by his brother William (born April 7, 1770). This arrangement apparently only lasted till the following October, after which there is no record of any expenditure on behalf of the boys till 'Richard and William went to Hawkeshead School at Whits. 1779. N.B.— Mr. Cookson paid the Fee to the Master on Entrance.' This very definite statement puts the date of the poet's entry at Hawkshead a year later than that usually given. 'At Whitsuntide' appears to mean after the summer holidays.

It is probable that in the interval, during which their mother died, they resided with their grandparents at Penrith, where we know that William for a time attended a school kept by Dame Birkett. He says himself in his autobiographical memoranda, 'The time of my infancy and early boyhood was passed partly at Cockermouth and partly with my mother's parents at Penrith.' They would go to Hawkshead direct from Penrith. Mr. Cookson paid the entrance fee. His bill of charges for 1779 was exceptionally heavy, and would include the cost of education at Penrith and of outfit for Hawkshead.

In October, 1780, John (born December 4, 1772) and Christopher (born June 9, 1774) were entered with Mr. Gilbanks, and remained with him till John followed his elder brothers to Hawkshead in January, 1782, while Christopher did not do so till August, 1785. Richard left Hawkshead at Christmas, 1785, William in June (or possibly October) 1787, John in December of the same year, while no record of any payment for Christopher appears after June, 1792. There is no entry in John Wordsworth's accounts of any discharge of the Hawkshead bills for the first half of 1783, but they were probably paid by him, and not entered before his death on December 30. His last entry in the book is dated October 7.

We know from *The Prelude* that the boys were at home when their father died, and that they attended his funeral. The remainder of those sad holidays was passed at Penrith, though the subsequent custom was for the winter holidays to be spent with the Wordsworth uncle at Whitehaven, while in the summer the boys were under the charge of their Cookson uncle in his parents' house, on the site which is still occupied by the principal mercery establishment of Penrith. They were free to return home about June 20 and December 20, returning to Hawkshead about August 4 and January 20. There is evidence of a short Easter vacation in 1784, spent at Penrith, and again in 1791, spent by Christopher at Whitehaven.

The Prelude also tells us that the boys rode from Hawkshead to Cockermouth in December, 1783, and 'horse hire, 5*s*.' is entered as paid to John Peel in the summer of 1784, but at Christmas, 1785, it is 'chaise hire' for the first time, though the word replaces an erased 'horse hire,' which may suggest what had been the custom till that date. The cost amounted to £2 18*s*. 8*d*. but there were now four boys, and the date corresponds with a period of great improvement in the roads. In June, 1786, the charge fell to £1 16*s*. 0*d*., and in 1789 and 1791 it varied from 8*s*. 6*d*., to 10*s*. It is definitely entered as chaise hire, but competition may have become keen, and a two-wheeled conveyance, or one shared with other travelers, may have sufficed for a single boy.

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Both before and after the father's death the half-yearly payments at Hawkshead are sometimes specified and sometimes grouped in one sum. From December, 1779, to December, 1784, Hugh Tyson was paid for board and lodging at the rate of five guineas a half-year for each boy; after the latter date Mrs. Ann Tyson is named as the recipient till the summer of 1788. For the following year and a half the entry is simply 'Bills at Hawkshead.' Subsequent payment for the solitary Christopher was made to John Rainforth.

As was to be expected, a formidable item is the account of the shoemaker, who was first Mackereth, then Suart. In 1784 no less a sum than £6 4*s*. 9*d*. was paid to him on behalf of the three boys then at the school, and as we learn that 5*s*. 6*d*. was the cost of a new pair of shoes, and 1*s*. 3*d*. the average charge for repairs, the wear and tear must have been considerable. Separate payments are recorded to the doctor, Charles Robinson, whose services were but seldom required, though Richard appears to have been seriously ill in the summer of 1781, when Dr. Atkinson was paid a guinea and a half 'for his journey to attend Richard,' and Mrs. Tyson given 'one guinea for additional Trouble and Attendance.' Among other creditors were the writing master, Joseph Varty, the bookseller, William Todhunter, who as a hatter appears to have also ministered to the outside of the head, the ironmonger, George Parke (one wonders if he sold skates), the mercer, David Moore, and the tailor, William Tyson, but the making of 'Cloaths' for the boys seems to have been principally entrusted to tradesmen of Whitehaven.

Mention must not be omitted of Mr. Mingay, dancing master, who on December 10, 1785, was paid £5 4*s*. 0*d*. for 'teaching R. W. J. and C. to dance.'

In February, 1784, '2 vols. Homer and 1 vol. Lucian for my nephews' were paid for by Uncle Wordsworth, but apart from this there are no entries that throw any light on the individual characteristics of Richard and John. On William's behalf, more charges for books are entered than for any of the brothers. On September 20, 1784, eightpence was paid 'for postage of a letter from Master William Wordsworth at Keswick for some books, etc.' — a puzzling entry in mid-term. In 1786 a Demosthenes (4*s*.), 'a Hedricks Lexicon' (21*s*.), and two books (7*s*.) were bought for him.

For Christopher, the future scholar of the family, 'an erasmus' and 'a Mair's introduction' were bought in 1784, when he had reached the age of 10, but we gain no clue to the manner of his education between the Christmas of 1781 and his entrance at Hawkshead in August, 1785. No payments for him are recorded after June, 1792, and he entered Cambridge in the following October. It is clear that his start in life was less costly than that of any of his brothers.

The life of liberty led by the boys in the boarding house, or rather cottage, of Ann Tyson has been imaginatively described in *The Prelude*, and a sketch given of her character 'so kind and motherly,' and even of her raiment. The writer of these notes has been privileged by the kindness of its public-spirited preserver to examine the battered and weather-stained ledger in which 'the gray-haired Dame' kept the record of her charges. It is incoherent, and in many respects incomplete; its spelling fantastic, and its arithmetic inaccurate, but it does add to our knowledge of 'the Sabine fare' tempered by 'plain comforts' set before the boys.

'Karts of coles, karts of pets (peats), and canles' are charged for, cakes are

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not an infrequent entry, 'shugr' was apparently quite unrationed, while

> bees that soar for bloom
> High as the highest peak of Furness-fells

brought them the 'hune' for which Hawkshead is still famous. On one occasion, perhaps a birthday, a bottle of wine is entered for Christopher at 2*s.* 4*d.*

It is nowhere definitely stated, but it seems certain that all four brothers lived in the same 'lowly cottage,' though only during the autumn term of 1785 were they all in residence at once. In 1788 John's place was taken by his cousin, Richard Wordsworth (born 1777), who a year later was joined by his uncle, Robinson Wordsworth, his senior by a bare two years. In the way of luxuries the Wordsworths appear to have been treated with a normal average of indulgence. Among their schoolfellows, Gawthrop, whose stay was short (1786–1787), was charged for frequent 'shugr, apels, resins, nutmegs, tee, a bott. of wine' and even 'a room extrordinary,' presumably a bedroom to himself, at a cost of half a guinea. William Knott (1785), Losh (1786), Greenwood (1786-1787), who is elsewhere stated to have been 'the Minstrel of the Troop, who blew his flute alone upon the rock' (*Prelude* ii. 168), and Bowstead (1788–1789) make short appearances, and their extras are insignificant. Wordsworth wrote in *The Prelude*,

> Exclude
> A little weekly stipend, and we lived
> Through three divisions of the quartered year
> In penniless poverty.— But now to School,
> From the half-yearly holiday returned,
> We came with weightier purses, that sufficed
> To furnish treats more costly.

The weekly stipend was paid by Ann Tyson, and seems to have varied between twopence and sixpence. It was usually threepence, never less in the case of the Wordsworth boys, rising to sixpence as they grew older. The administrators' accounts throw only a fitful light on the weight in the purses with which the boys returned to school. Sums varying from 5*s.* 3*d.* to one guinea are entered irregularly at the conclusion of some of the vacations, and, on the whole, William fared better than his brothers.

The school half-year usually consisted of 21 weeks, and in 1779 the payment for board and lodging for that period was five guineas. By 1785 the charge had been raised to six guineas, and in 1788 newcomers were charged seven.

Wordsworth is generally supposed to have ended his school time at Hawkshead in June, 1787, but the curious fact emerges from Ann Tyson's ledger that he returned with the other boys on August 5 of that year, and was charged for nine weeks' board. That would take him to October 7, when he returned to Penrith for Dorothy to prepare his 'cloaths' for Cambridge. 'Minstrel' Greenwood, a future Fellow of Trinity, left Hawkshead at the same intermediate time, and as there is no mention of school fees, the probability is that they were there as gentlemen-at-large rather than as schoolboys.

There are still many gaps in our knowledge of the daily life — none greater than on the question of religious observance. Wordsworth speaks with affection of

> the snow-white Church upon her hill
> . . . . . sending out
> A gracious look all over her domain,

but nowhere do we get a hint of his ever having set foot within it, either by choice or by compulsion. We are left to form our own conclusions on slender evidence; the religious indifference of his guardians and of the period, his protest against compulsory chapel

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at Cambridge, and, perhaps, his picture of Ann Tyson setting out — quite unaccompanied — to church.

Through all these years, Dorothy (born December 25, 1771) was far away. In a letter quoted above she tells Lady Beaumont that she left her father's house for good at Christmas, 1777, three months before her mother's death. The pages devoted to her in her father's memoranda state that Dolly, as she was invariably called in her childhood, 'left Penrith for Halifax in a chaise with Mr. and Miss Threlkeld on Saturday, June 13, 1778. Mr. Cookson gave Miss Threlkeld 5 Gas toward her conveyance, etc.' The annual payment to Miss Threlkeld was ten guineas, the same as for the boys. No light is thrown on the kind of education Dolly received, though there is a suggestion of what may have been six months' schooling at Hipperholm, two miles from Halifax; nor is there any mention of her ever leaving Yorkshire between 1778 and 1787, or of her father visiting her there.

Three weeks after her father's death, Richard Wordsworth charged the estate for 'a long letter to Mr. Buckle of York, with Commission for taking election of Guardian,' and a week later he received a reply from Mr. Buckle that 'he intended to send a Commission to Halifax for Miss Dolly Wordsworth to elect Guardians upon, and Miss Threlkeld was notified accordingly.' Mr. Buckle's fee was £18 19*s.* 6*d.*

Whoever did the electing, posterity may be grateful that 'Cousin Betsy Threlkeld' became the guardian of the exiled orphan. She was a first cousin of Dorothy's mother, and a woman universally beloved and respected. In middle life she married Mr. John Rawson of Mill House, Halifax, and to the last her ward always spoke of her as 'my Aunt,' and regarded her as her second mother. For nine years she was solely responsible for Dorothy's education and upbringing, and great is her claim to our admiration and gratitude. Early in her sixteenth year that education seems to have been regarded as complete, and Dorothy returned to Penrith to take up her abode with her grandparents in the spring of 1787, the year in which the two brothers who were nearest to her age, and dearest to her heart, left school.

[*The Bookman*]

THE SALVATION ARMY AND THE BOOTH BIOGRAPHY.*

BY JAMES MOFFATT, D.D., D.LITT.

English Christianity during the Victorian era threw up two vivid religious movements, Tractarianism and the Salvation Army. Our wise century has been tempted to underrate the Victorians, as the nineteenth century occasionally underrated the eighteenth; but the Oxford Movement and the Salvation Army upset any neat theories about Victorian religion being a merely conventional attitude. Mr. Begbie has not attempted to write a history of the Army. Yet the Army was so conspicuously the work of a personality that these volumes throw light upon the organization as well as upon its leader. Even the career of Mr. Booth, before he founded his Army, is an important clue to the meaning of his later work and of the form into which his masterful genius cast it.

He was the son of a lace manufacturer in Nottingham. 'My father,' he once said, 'was a Grab-and-Get. He had been born in poverty. He determined to grow rich; and he did. He grew very rich, because he lived with-

* *William Booth, Founder of the Salvation Army.* By Harold Begbie. Macmillan. Two volumes. 42*s.* net.

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out God and simply worked for money; and when he lost it all, his heart broke with it, and he died miserably.' Young Booth's childhood fell in the last stage of his unfortunate father's career. Apparently he was a wild, high-spirited boy, but his home life was unhappy, and it irritated him to become a pawnbroker's assistant. The family downfall hurt his pride; the sordid side of his occupation embittered him; he was lonely and hardworked, trying to support his mother and sisters. The Chartist movement appealed to his discontented soul. But he was to pass beyond social propaganda, and his genuine sympathy with the poor soon flowed into a definitely religious channel. His first religious impressions were due to some Wesleyans. They drew him away from his conventional attendance at the Church of England. His conversion led to an eager participation in open-air preaching of the revivalist type in the slums of Nottingham. And this proved too unconventional for the respectable Methodists. Even when he moved to London, to carry on his business, combining it with open-air preaching, and even when he was persuaded to study for the ministry of the Methodist New Connection, he could not settle inside Methodism. His fiery revival methods were too violent. The Primitive Methodists accepted his resignation in 1862. It is needless to recall the unfortunate series of misunderstandings. The Salvation Army was not started till 1878, but this was the outcome of a series of independent revivalist campaigns conducted in London and the provinces, whose watchwords were 'Holiness' and 'Conversion.' Mr. Begbie points out that during this interval 'William Booth was strongly inclining toward Holiness, was thinking rather about the making of saints than the conversion of sinners.' The emphasis on holiness never left him, but the intense desire to waken torpid England to a sense of sin swept him into the organization of a 'Salvation Army,' alive with religious passion and cheerfulness, indifferent to decorum and reserve, bent upon storming the citadels of vice and squalor in England, and bound together by an equivalent for the mediæval monastic vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience.

The success of the Army was accompanied by fierce criticism of its methods, from the religious as well as from the secular public. The General himself had to meet attacks upon his honesty, as well as upon the wisdom of his efforts. These were sometimes damaging, although the General himself could not be charged with self-seeking. He had the true note of a great reformer, an absence of any love for money. But the criticisms of men like Huxley and Tyndall had their effect.

In 1888 the social phase began. The Army had been in the forefront of the battle for social purity and temperance; but now Booth published *In Darkest England*, and started a campaign for social reform. Not that he ever abandoned the rôle of evangelist. The revivalist aims and methods of the Army continued as before. Only, its scope was broadened. The scheme did not produce as much fruit as the General hoped, however; it was more valuable as an impetus to quicken the conscience than as a guide to social reform.

All this vast organization, with its ramified interests, was under his personal supervision till he died in 1912. The biography leaves an impression of extraordinary personal force in the General, a combination of narrow theology and broad human interests, a power of managing people, a capacity for not only rousing but directing en-

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thusiasm, and a faculty of decision. 'He had upon his hands,' says his biographer, 'a work of gigantic magnitude, and after a long and grievous experience of committees, he determined in middle age — encouraged by the most able and devoted of his followers — to make himself an autocrat.' However necessary this was for the success of his work, it had its defects and drawbacks, which appeared both in the Army and in the General himself. But there does not seem to be any evidence to show that his autocracy led him to favor his own family, or to violate the rules and regulations which he had laid down for the Army as a whole.

But the autocrat was human. The love letters which he and his wife wrote are a human document of singular interest. Mrs. Booth's services to the Salvation Army have been recognized ever since her biography was written, but this life of her husband suggests that in almost everything except the name she was the real founder of the Salvation Army. Women have rarely initiated great religious movements, and only a humorist would bracket Mrs. Eddy and Mrs. Booth. But Catherine Mumford's influence counted for more with William Booth than most outsiders suspected. She was never strong in physique, but her mind was keener than her husband's and her judgment was excellent. Her belief in him and his devotion to her are shining traits of their story. Each influenced the other, and their heroic struggles to bring up their family on a scanty income and to carry on at the same time an exhausting revival mission are more fascinating even than the domestic story of Luther and his Kate.

The General was not a bookman, not even as Wesley was. Literature appears to have been for him a recreation rather than a source of inspiration. But it is surprising that he had no liking for Dickens, with his interest in the poor. He found Dickens 'intolerable,' Mr. Begbie remarks. But 'he had well-nigh unbounded admiration for *Les Misérables* and *Jane Eyre*. . . . And in early youth he found a new world opening before his vision in the romances of Sir Walter Scott, to which he returned in middle life. . . . He was never tired of reading Froude's *Cæsar*.'

Apart from the sustained interest of the man's career, these volumes give many instances of his intercourse with men, whom he read more eagerly than books. He once told Mr. Winston Churchill that he was convicted, not converted; and, when the politician 'added something about my seeing what was in him . . . I replied, "What I am most concerned about is not what is in you at the present, but (what) I can see of the possibilities of the future." ' He was impressed by King Edward. 'I had come to expect a selfish, sensuous personage. . . . And all at once the embodiment of a simple, genial English gentleman was sprung upon me. No attempt to pose as an intellectual philanthropist, much less religious; indeed, no attempt to pose at all: anything more natural could not be imagined.' When King Edward asked him in the course of the interview, 'Tell me, General, how do you get on now with the Churches? What is their attitude to you?' he made the King laugh by answering, 'Sir, they imitate me.' But the essence of his Salvation Army methods is contained in these sentences from his speech when he received the Freedom of London in 1905. He was speaking of a besieged town's experiences during the Boer War. 'Money, food, and other things were got together, but difficulty was experienced in distributing them satisfactorily. At last the Episcopalian

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clergyman got up and said, "All who belong to my communion, follow me." The Methodist, Baptist, and Congregationalist said, "All who come to my chapel follow me." And I have no doubt the minister of the Society of Friends, if there was one, said the same. Then the Salvation Army Captain's turn came. He said, "All you chaps who belong to nobody, follow me."'

Mr. Begbie's volumes are long and large. There is some repetition in them, and the difficult art of using letters has not been mastered. On the other hand, the evident sympathy is tempered with candor. There is occasionally a tendency to point the moral, but for the most part the General is left to tell his own story; his journals are freely drawn upon, and the contemporary background is not over-elaborated, except in the opening chapter. The biography reveals one of the most arresting and independent religious personalities of last century. It is diffuse, but the arrangement is clear, and the successive phases are distinctly marked.

[*The Manchester Guardian*]

AT A PICKWICKIAN BARBER'S

It may be either that my elders, grown reminiscent, have drawn the picture, or that I do actually but dimly recall myself as a befrocked child standing at the gateway of my earliest adventure — a ride in a railway train. Certainly it is my elders who have said that up to that particular day I always cried in terror at the mere mention of a contemplated journey, but that unaccountably on a certain day when I was asked if I would go on a journey with an aunt I had bravely said yes, and that, moreover, I would not cry when I saw the engine. All that may be pleasant tradition. What to me is an actuality, though seen vaguely through the mist of years which have passed, is myself hatted, coated, with my bare knees and legs in bold relief between my short frock and short socks, standing on a platform looking intently at a huge green-painted engine. Everything else is sketchy.

The train itself has no part in my recollection. I do not see any other passengers. I recall nothing of a journey, of a farewell, of being accompanied by anyone or of being met by anyone. Beyond that solitary little figure everything is a blank, and the great adventure, though it had a beginning, had no end. Yet it had begun for me a childhood crowded with recollections which in these maturer days I tenderly cradle in my breast and linger over as a book of memory which for charm, simplicity, grandeur, and yet withal quaintness has never had its equal in the written page. It may not be that others will find in this book all that my close association with its central figure has enabled me to find, and to those the old man who for many years carried on the occupation of barber and hairdresser in the Cheshire market town will appear only as a relic of the past, like Wellington boots and churchwarden pipes.

And with both he will ever be associated. How they captured the fancy, those long, brilliantly-polished, creaking boots! With what heaving and pulling were they drawn on in the mornings! With what heroic heavings by the old man's daughter and the tense holding by the old man himself of the sides of his chair were those boots pulled off at night, disclosing the white stockinged legs swathed with knitted garters below the knees! Had he ever another pair of boots? Always over that short period of years of which I write those Wellington boots appeared

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to remain at the same degree of newness and wear and at the same high state of polish. They were the work of a craftsman.

And the churchwarden! That one pipe a night, with the old man seated always in the same chair, always planted at the same angle to the low dresser to catch indirectly the heat of the kitchen fire, was the one discoverable concession to the delights of this world. The long silences were broken only by the soft pif-pif of the lips on the pipe stem or a long-drawn-out murmur, 'L-o-r-d, L-o-r-d,' as, sunk in contemplation, he gave vent to his religious fervor. He was nearly eighty years of age and doing his day's work — shaving the townsfolk and the farmers, mending the umbrellas of the farmers' wives and the 'gentry,' cutting the hair of fidgety school children, — and doing it all 'as unto the Lord.' He gave of his best, and lived in constant contemplation of the hereafter.

The parlor — parlor on Sunday, hairdressing saloon on week-days — was adorned on one wall with a large poster in pink lettering setting forth that haircutting was threepence, shaving twopence, and the poster was flanked on either side by a sombrely colored picture. The one showed St. Peter, gray-bearded, red-cloaked, dark-visaged, standing in a garden with a bunch of heavy keys on a ring in his hand. The largest key was a solid piece of metal work and looked very much like the key of the back door. The other picture was of Peter in an attitude of dejection, standing before a solidly built gray stone wall on which was perched a cock with the halo of the rising sun behind it, comb fiercely erect, wings partly distended by the seemingly aggressive energy it was putting into its crowing.

That cock ever filled me with a vague dread, and I felt a guilty sympathy for Peter, though I understood that I ought to feel nothing but shame. Still that cock was so insistent; it seemed to take such a wicked delight in proclaiming the saint's sin to the world that I ever disliked it, and to this day I never see a cock disdainfully strutting in the pride of its plumage but I look upon it with some of the suspicion which I attached to the cock in the barber's shop. One may be supercilious over such pictures, but to the old man they were faithfully depicted scenes of actualities, and Peter, despite his fall, was the man whom he believed would unlock for him the gates of Heaven when he went into the unknown.

His faith was simple. His religious observances were not obtrusive, and that he prayed aloud four times a day was an act of pure devotion. Indeed, it was these prayers, with windows open or door ajar to the street as accident ordained, which led me to give to the old man a reverence above all others. Daniel, I knew, had prayer aloud thrice daily and was honored of God; but here, I thought, is a man who prays aloud more frequently than did Daniel and, therefore, he must be the greater man. Nothing was allowed to disturb these petitions. The first one was offered in his chamber; the second in the kitchen after breakfast. A customer might enter the parlor to be shaved, but it was no distraction. The world was forgotten; he was 'wrastling,' to use his own phrase, with his Maker, and so familiar were his customers with this habit that the intruder usually settled down to wait or went out to return later. The last 'Amen' over, the old man would rise with much labor and much creaking of his Wellingtons, take the copper shaving pot from its warming place on the hob, and go to attend to his customers.

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[*The Times*]

SOME LEGENDS AND ROMANCES OF OLD BELGIUM

BY LOUIS LAGASSE DE LOCHT

On St. Nicholas night Belgian youngsters sleep but little. Hou! Hou! howls the December wind. The patron saint of children travels by gusty blasts. Will he be able to reach the friendly chimneys? The clouds bar his way and catch him by the beard. The stars sparkle with jealousy at the shining sugar coating of his mitre. Through heavy clouds the crescent of the moon makes faces at the saint's crook. Thank Heaven, at last one hears hoofs scratching on the slope of the roof. The good jackass, loaded to the ears, has a heavy burden; he brings gifts to so many little ones. In almost every home rows of tiny slippers are ranged around the hearth, and wee sugar carrots have been carefully prepared as fodder for the celestial beast of burden.

Hou! Hou! howls the wind, taking an elfish delight in frightening the tiny tots, who shiver, risking only an eye into the dark, and, at the least noise, darting under the bed clothes. But here is morning, for mother appears and brings the reward. Away with fear! Away with doubt! No! the beard of the saint is not made of cotton wool. No! his voice is not a woman's voice, not even that of the governess. No! Mother is gay, her eyes laugh, her lips are soft, her words reassuring. 'Yes, we all heard footfalls in the night . . . but we can't find the key to the room where the slippers are, but through the keyhole you can see a light shining.' Then there is a great hunt for the key, and eager cries, and mother calling, and a rush of children, and the dumb amazement of all this happy little world as the door finally gives way and the treasures brought by miracle are discovered. Then, because there are too many beautiful things, the children stand blinded and hesitate, and their hearts beat very quickly, for they are overwhelmed.

And thus, asked to pluck the prettiest flowers of our Belgian folklore, I also stand blinded and hesitate. What shall I choose in this bouquet, over-rich in its mingling of brilliant colors and tender hues? Shall it be pearls of sacred mistletoe fallen beneath the Druid's knife; lilies grown in the shadow of convents and monasteries; roses reddened with the blood of tourneys and the carnage of battle; or, perchance, pale daisies of the fields sprung up unheeded amid the cow pasture? All are equally precious. Daughters of a fertile land, seared in the course of ages by storms let loose from the four corners of the earth, are they not the expression, the poetry, the sap of love and hate, the very soul, in a word, of a people fashioned by martial blows and bathed in the sunshine of idealism.

And I think of those tormented evenings when over our cities, shrouded in gloom, the sun sinks scarlet to its rest; I think of the delightful mornings which crown with blue and gold the slumber of our fields. Here the impenetrable features of the Flemish peasant, there the sharper profile of a forester of the Ardennes, or the noble

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head of a Gaul. In all, the same blending of shadow and of light. In all, the reflection of a past, rich in faith and folklore, in violent joys and cruel deceptions, with much sonorous laughter, and some grinding of teeth beneath the torture.

Every Belgian is thrilled by the past. It is his staff and bread of life. Hence his love of cavalcades, joyous entries, and processions, the ever-recurring delight of most of our villages. Great taste is often displayed in the ordering of these parades, in the building of the triumph — to which Rubens and Jordaens did not scorn to devote their talent. And it is as if the figures of legend and history which pass through our streets had stepped down from the canvas of old masterpieces to be closer to the caresses of the crowds.

Sometimes the ceremony represents but an episode, a scene of chivalry or of mystery from the Middle Ages. In Bruges, suddenly awakened from its melancholy by the miracle of the Holy Blood, the triumphal escort of a prince consecrated to the conquest of the Holy Land moves in a rolling stream of glistening steel amid the glamour of rich silks and precious embroideries, the clashing of arms and the brazen peals of trumpets.

At Furnes, on the last Sunday in July, the procession of 'penitents' reenacts the supreme drama of all time. For weeks the city prepares for it. The actors' parts are more coveted than public honors; some are jealously guarded as hereditary rights. Through the dense crowd, pressing ever closer, the revered figures pass in procession. And the Christ appears, weighed down by his cross, a living and staggering Christ, scourged till the blood runs from him. A shiver of religious fervor passes over the faithful. 'Mercy! Mercy!' a penitent cries aloud in his pain, and the onlookers, kneeling down, repeat in their guttural dialect 'Forgive us! O Lord! O Lord! have mercy upon us.' Every window is a garden of tapers, candles, and lights whose flames flicker in the wind blowing from the sea. Sacred chants mingle with the piping of reeds, the noise of rattles, and the winding of horns. The crowd sobs, and sways, and wrings its hands, and falls into prayer as, following the Crucified One, the penitents pass. The men in sackcloth and the women closely veiled do penance, and their naked, torn feet bleed on the stones of the road. Perchance beneath their cloaks of burlap noble ladies whose flaxen hair and white bodies are the love treasures of this sensuous and mystic Flanders are paying the ransom of a kiss!

And what is this other strange scene? What all-compelling call to arms has beckoned from dusty museums these weird and varied uniforms? Crusaders and robber barons, marauders and mercenaries, Napoleon's Old Guard and Zouaves with flowing trousers, volunteers of 1830 in pleated smocks and the citizen soldiers of a later day, horsemen of all ages, breast-plated cuirassiers and dragoons, guides and hussars and lancers in tight-fitting white tunics — all are gathered together in the plain of Walcourt on Trinity Sunday. Staff officers, gorgeous in gold lace and plumes, prance and strut about. These fancy warriors march in proud array to an ancient oak in the trunk of which — so runs the legend — the Virgin of Walcourt sought refuge the night her church was burned down. The fire having been put out, Thierry, Count of Rochefort, tried in vain to induce Our Lady to leave her shelter. The boughs of the tree wove themselves together to protect the statue; the knight's charger reared up and unhorsed the gallant warrior, who was obliged to make a

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solemn vow that he would rebuild the abbey, before the tree parted its branches, and the sainted Lady yielded. In token of this miracle, muskets, blunderbusses, fowling-pieces, ancient matchlocks, and modern rifles belch forth their fire. At regular intervals the festive artillery thunders blank charges which boom harmlessly. The field takes on a pall of smoke, and at sundown the sham fight ends for lack of ammunition.

Other calls to arms, no less fantastic, enliven the picturesque parades between the Sambre and Meuse. At Fosses, also, the make-believe battalions deploy in honor of a statue of the Holy Virgin hewn out of an oak by the blows of a woodman's axe. At Gerpinnes, the popular legend celebrates the chastity of the saintly Rolande. To escape marriage the poor girl was forced to flee through field and hamlet. She fell dying near a spring as clear as the crystal of her soul.

Less romantic is the 'tower' of Sainte Gertrude, the abbess and patron saint of Nivelles. The float — a very beautiful piece of thirteenth century art, drawn by eight Brabantine horses — carries her shrine over hill and valley, passing through hedges and across ditches, through ploughed fields and gentle pastures. It follows, foot by foot, the road trod in days of famine by the daughter of Pépin de Landen as she gave bread to the needy. The pilgrims carry white and pink staves, potent to drive evil spirits and unclean things from the abode of men.

In Brabant, at Hakendover, there is a pilgrimage where heavy draught horses are forced to gallop long distances. At the Tour St. Jean, at Gosselies, all the horsemen wear white breeches. On the Monday of the Pentecost, the cabdrivers of Brussels and its suburbs invariably invoke the blessings of Heaven upon their horses, and go in solemn pilgrimage to the Church of St. Guidon at Anderlecht. All the harness is decked with flaglets and streamers of ribbon. For once, the brasses shine as new. The trouble with the taxicabs in Brussels is that they are not taken to be blessed once a year — they need it.

Mons, the home of the guardian saints of the British army, is the theatre every year of the famous Lumeçon display which ends the procession of Sainte Waudru. At midday to the tolling of the great bell, otherwise heard only as a war alarm, St. George gives battle to the Dragon. From every steeple the chimes peal forth the gay melody of the 'Dou-dou.' The patron Saint of England is supported by four followers mounted on wicker horses called 'chin-chins' in honor of that gallant knight Gilles de Chin. Two savage men, armed with clubs, their nakedness clothed only with leaves, make up his suite. The 'Dou-dou' is served by four devils wielding bladders. After a deadly combat, the dragon, according to rite, crashes down in the dust, shot through the nostrils, and the devils are chastised by the brave 'chin-chins.' Before entering the lists the fabled 'beaste' flays the crowd with mighty blows of his tail. British Tommies passing through Mons during the celebration will not soon forget their efforts to box with the monster's caudal appendage. The people of Mons believe that a blow from the tail brings good luck. What matter if it hurts?

On occasion, both municipal officials and the clergy take part together in the festivities, and frequently our ancient customs put them to uncouth tests. Each year a procession leaves Grammont and goes to the 'Oudenberg,' said to be an ancient stronghold of the first 'Huns.' Prayers are said in public, after which loaves and fishes are

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distributed to the crowd, and the burgomaster offers the priest a silver loving cup filled with white wine in which tiny minnows swim about. A wry face, a brave gulp, and the career of a little fish ends in the pastoral stomach. And so it goes till every notable and every minnow has faced the same ordeal. At nightfall huge bonfires upon the surrounding hill-tops light up the countryside. 'T is said that these customs date back to the worship of Ceres.

Other traditions have their source in the *chansons de gestes* handed down by word of mouth before the flaming logs of family firesides. The most popular tells of Charlemagne, whose beard waxed strong, and the four sons of the good Duke Aymon, Lord of Aigremont and Montfort. Maugis, the sorcerer, figures in the story as well as Bayard, the famous charger by whose warning neigh, flowing mane, and fleet hoofs the four brothers were saved from the imperial ire. A last leap of the charger, and the Meuse was crossed, but the shock was such that the rock of Dinant was cleft to the water's edge. As all men may see, the wound still gapes at the entrance of the martyred city. This legend has passed on from the surroundings of Liége to our Flemish provinces. The Rosse Bayard and its many horsemen preside over the festivities at Thiermont, much to the chagrin, 't is said, of their neighbors of Alost.

The story of the warlike virtues and tragic deaths of the 'three entwined ladies' is another jewel of Meuse folklore. In 1554 Bouvignes is furiously attacked by the King of France. The town is taken, but the valiant citadel of Crèvecœur still holds out. Assault after assault is repulsed. Alas, the defenders are now a bare hundred, including old men, women, and children, then fifty, then ten — at last three young and beautiful women, 'The Ladies of Crèvecœur' still hold out desperately. They are about to be taken. Rather than serve at a king's feast, they climb to the topmost ramparts and entwining their arms throw themselves into the Meuse, forevermore the gentle guardian of their womanly honor. Until this day the stream continues to weave its liquid blue shroud over their white bodies.

Before invading Belgium, the Kaiser might have drawn useful lessons from the stories of thousands of gallant deeds attributed to legendary heroes. The simple folk love them, seek in them their own reflection, and cherish them as amusing playthings and instructive traditions. On great occasions our cities take delight in playing with dolls, and bring out gigantic wooden figures, sumptuously attired in rich and ancient vestments, to dance upon the public squares. Brussels, to mention but the capital, is proud of a famous family of giants — Janneke and Mieke, the happy parents of a son christened Jefke — and no honor is too great for them when they appear in public on the old Grand' Place. Their suite comprises the Grand Turk, the Great Mogul, and the Whale.

At times these city giants pay courtly visits to each other from town to town, or meet in solemn conclave on important occasions.

Then at the opposite pole from these imposing personages one finds almost everywhere small and enigmatic figures which add their salt to the monotony of life. Their jesting philosophy frequently teaches a lesson to poor and great alike. On the banks of the Vesdre the *sotais*, or *nutons*, live, fantastic little beings closely allied to the brownies of Ireland and the elves of Scotland. They are forever playing pranks on the inhabitants of the valley, only to vanish again and hide them-

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selves in the depths of their grottoes.

In order to curb the passions of unfaithful husbands, Malines, at each *ommegang* or annual parade, tosses the manikin 'Op-Signorke' in a blanket held by four sturdy bargemen. Collin de Plany tells us that this little fellow was long an object of intense rivalry between the peoples of Malines and Antwerp. To-day, the former guard him jealously against the possible covetousness of the latter. He is enshrined in a coffer so weighty that sixteen men cannot lift it, and when the Germans started to bombard Malines 'Op-Signorke' was put in a place of safety before even the treasures of the Cathedral or the records of the city.

At Nivelles a gilded figure looks down from the collegiate towers. It is our old and popular friend Jean de Nivelles, the jovial Lord of the Manor, whose dogs are famed in song:

> Jean de Nivelles a trois gros chiens,
> Dont il y en a deux vaut-riens,
> L'autre s'enfuit quand on l'appelle.

A little statuette made by Duquesnoy in 1648 admirably personifies the care-free spirit of the Belgian capital. Our Manneken-Pis, the oldest inhabitant of Brussels, has been honored by every régime. Ennobled by Louis XV, given the right to bear arms, he has unmurmuringly worn all the various trappings of state furnished him by his masters for the time being. As a reward for his proud and imperturbable bearing during the German occupation he was recently cited in the orders of the day of the French army. His citation is as witty as it is well deserved.

Chancet, with his heavy *sabots*, coarse blue blouse, and silk hat, is the unchallenged master of the revels of Liége. He is the incarnation of the spirit of its people. His wife Nanesse, a scolding and evil-tempered shrew, is just the opposite. The little puppet-shows of the Outre-Meuse quarter are their stage, and, dangling from his string, Chancet tells many a truth in jest, nor cares he whose feelings are hurt.

Doubtless the folklore of Flanders differs from the Walloon traditions and customs. The latter are light and gay, the former rich in color and full of quaint beliefs. The Flemish *kermesses* begin by prayer and the solemn warnings of priests who thunder from their pulpits: 'Hell, mind ye, opens beneath the feet of blonde maidens who trip the merry dance; beware, for misfortune will surely visit the stable and weigh upon the head of brawny yeomen too easily tempted by foaming beer and the smiles of women.' But the last words of priestly warning have scarce died away before the festive board creaks beneath the good things of this earth, and ardent youth feels that it lives. As evening falls on the gay Sundays of August, ribald songs and old-time dances end these village fêtes worthy of a Rubens or a Teniers.

In the Walloon country the *ducasses* also bring joy and laughter. These fairs lure vast crowds, the booths are gayly decorated, the merry-go-rounds invade the market square. The tarts, *couques*, and *mastelles* fill the houses with the appetizing aroma of rich golden pastry. And the *cramignons farandols*, and *bourrées* bring dainty waists into amorous contact with the steel-muscled arms of the men of Liége. Parish and county festivities are always accompanied by public games, and here again the past has left its deep imprint. Apart from such typical scenes as sack races, potato races, three-legged races, obstacle races, the climbing of greasy poles, and the walking of bowsprits, which need no little patience and dexterity, there are other

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and rougher sports. Husky young laborers mounted on heavy farm stallions charge madly under a tightly stretched cord from which hangs high a live goose securely tied by the feet, and as they pass at full speed, they seek to grasp its head and tear it off. Others joust for rings after the manner of the Russian Cossacks.

In a long court, carefully marked out with chalk, parties of hand-ball players play one of the oldest and finest games in the world. Their cat-like agility, their wonderfully accurate eyes, their leathery and supple palms, powerful as rackets, receive a supreme reward when each year according to ancient custom the King himself distributes prizes to the victorious teams. Archery is in great honor, and many a strong bow is drawn, many an arrow speeds true to the feathery target placed on top of high masts. Then there are cross-bow matches on the greens and in the clearings, where also men bowl and wrestle. Even the *estaminets* are transformed into noisy battlefields where smoking contests, 'vogel-pik,' and card games prevail.

But I must not tire my readers' patience, and yet I have but skimmed through the pages of a volume full of brilliant illustrations. I have said nothing of the wonderful pilgrimages whose trains wind along our country roads for miles and miles, with old-time prayer and sonorous chants, with lighted tapers and embroidered banners, as they wend their way to the feet of Our Lady of Montaigu en Campine, or toward Hal, the sanctuary of the Black Virgin who caught in the folds of her azure robe the cannon ball aimed by a sacrilegious enemy at her shrine.

I have said nothing of the legends of the Scheldt, our artery of life; nor of the giant of Antwerp and the severed hands; nor of Geneviève of Brabant, the persecuted, and her fawn; nor of the thickets of Luxemburg, which even now tremble as the Sire de la Marek — the boar of the Ardennes — charges through them.

I have said nothing of the forest of Soignes, gay playground of the Dukes of Burgundy, sweet setting of Gothic abbeys cloistered by countless ogives; of the forest where St. Hubert was laid to rest after he had knelt before the stag between whose antlers shone the crucifix of conversion, and where the winding of his sacred horn may yet be heard when days of terror are at hand — the forest which stretches its emerald mantle between Brussels and the epic field of Waterloo.

I have said nothing, nor can I, for over devastated Belgium have arisen greater figures than those of the past: a White Queen of legend and a King whose unconquerable soul has been tempered in the fires of glory!

[*The Anglo-Italian Review*]

ITALY OF THE OLIVE HARVEST

BY DOROTHY NEVILE LEES

In the quiet days of winter, when the more feverish activities of the peasants' year are a little lessened, comes the harvest of the olives, the pressing of the oil.

Florence lies in the very heart of the oil country, and one of the most striking characteristics of its surrounding scenery is that misty silver of the olives, which, whitening in the wind, lend to its loveliness a quality peculiarly spiritual and austere.

The trees will flourish and yield their fruit in even the most barren and stony soil, and, growing over the terraced hillsides, where the low stone walls mark the barriers from field to field, they recall poignantly, when first seen, the Bible picture-books of our childish

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days; and the more so in their relation to the square-built, flat-faced little farmhouses, and the great white oxen which tread slowly along drawing the primitive ploughs and quaint-shaped wooden carts.

The olive plays a very important part in the agricultural life of Italy. It is as useful as in that far-off day, when, together with the vine and fig-tree, in whose company it yet dwells, it refused to be drawn from its own activities to go and reign over the other trees.

It has such haunting memories from the past: such useful purposes to fulfill in the present. Its leaves are the emblem of peace; they were the first signal of hope after the flood; they trembled once long ago before a great mystery of vicarious suffering in a quiet garden beneath the light of the Paschal moon: their branches are the symbols of the sturdy children who should gather round the table of the just man: its fruit supplies food and light: its oil serves for the anointing of kings and the blessing of little children, and the last rites for the dead.

In Tuscany, where the peasant cultivates his land as closely as a garden, the corn is sewn beneath the olives, and the vines are twined between them, and all the activities of the year go on beneath their delicate silver tracery.

Themselves, after the drastic pruning of the early spring, they need little attention, and it is not until toward Christmas that they yield the fruit which has been slowly swelling and turning from green to shiny black.

Then, in December and January, everyone is busy around them: the men, mounted on ladders, gathering them into oval-shaped baskets slung at their waists; the women and children picking up all that have fallen, and laying aside the bruised ones, since these yield a less perfect oil.

An old Florentine worthy, Pier Crescenzio, who died in 1320 at the age of eighty, left a treatise on agriculture in which he advocates the gathering of the olives in November when they begin to color, either picking by hand or gently shaking the trees; declaring that the best *quality* of oil will result from the fruit first gathered, although from the later pickings, when the berries are riper, a greater *quantity* may be obtained. And this old-time opinion lives to-day in the Tuscan proverb: '*La prima uliva è oro; la seconda argento; la terza non val niente.*' ('The first olive is golden, the second silver, the third worth nothing.')

The oil-pressing is as picturesque in its way as most of the agricultural activities of Italy, and still carried on in a primitive manner; for the peasants, except in the go-ahead north, are still skeptical of new methods, and hold to the popular saying:

> Chi lascia la via vecchia per la nuova
> Sa quel che lascia, non sa quel che trova,

which may be translated:

> Who for the new leaves the old way behind
> Knows what he leaves but not what he may find.

The olives, as gathered, are carried in baskets to the *frantojo* (oil-crushing house), the perfect ones, those gathered by hand, being first pressed by themselves, as these yield the finest quality of oil.

The scene in the *frantojo* is a picturesque one.

A dim room, with broad low archways of stone, and little lamps gleaming here and there in the penumbra, and shedding a faint yellow glow upon the warm, close air; and the peasants, stripped of their coats, in their shirts and bright-colored waist scarves. In the centre the old-fashioned stone press with dark figures moving about

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it as the olives are poured in; while a great white ox (replaced in some cases by a donkey) treads patiently round and round upon a track of dried leaves or bracken turning the mill. A peculiar odor . . . that of the fresh olives, lingers in the warm atmosphere, and there is little sound save for the rhythmic thud of the tramping hoofs; for oil-pressing is a quieter operation than wine-making, and seldom accompanied by the songs and gayety which seem an integral part of the grape harvest.

The crushing mill consists of an immense stone basin into which the olives are poured several bushels at a time, being quickly ground into a dark greenish-brown pulp, stones and all, by a heavy mill-stone about five feet in diameter which rotates within the trough. This wheel is attached to a ponderous wooden column rising to the ceiling, and is worked by the ox, which is attached to a strong wooden pole projecting at right angles from the central column.

This preliminary crushing done, the pulp is removed with clean wooden shovels and put into round shallow baskets woven of rope and looking rather like cocoanut matting. These baskets, called *gabbie*, have a hole top and bottom which can be closed with a draw-string. The lower end of each is tied up while the pulp is put in; when full, the top draw-strings are also tied, and they are carried on a barrow to a press in another part of the *frantojo* and piled with meticulous precision one above another beneath the press.

This second crushing is a very strenuous process, the press being worked by men instead of by an ox.

The machine is of primitive form, the screw by means of which the baskets are crushed being turned by a heavy projecting beam of wood against which three or four men throw their whole weight, forcing it round with much squeaking and groaning of the weighty wooden apparatus until the pulp is sufficiently pressed, the oil flowing away through a pipe in the bottom of the stone basin to a receptacle below, which is concealed beneath the floor and reached by a trapdoor.

The *gabbie*, after being well pressed, are removed, emptied, and their contents once more ground in the mill. This reground pulp is afterwards replaced in the press and a good deal more oil extracted, although this is of an inferior quality, and kept separate from the first.

The dark, gritty refuse which remains after all the oil has been extracted is shoveled into bins and subsequently sold under the name of *sansa*.

In the neighborhood of Florence all the *sansa* is usually sold into the Val di Greve, dealers there buying it up from the whole district. It is washed in the river, when the crushed stones and grit sink, leaving the pulp and skins on the surface of the water. This is skimmed off with perforated wooden scoops, boiled in great caldrons and again subjected to pressure, when it yields a very inferior oil known as *olio lavato*, or washed oil. It is used in soap making, or, treated with sulphuric acid, for machine oil.

But to return to the *frantojo*. . . .

As olives contain about two thirds water and one third oil, the receptacle beneath the press receives both yellowish water and the pure oil, which floats on the top.

This oil is carefully skimmed off, put into small wooden barrels called *barili*, and carried to the *chiaritojo* or clearing room, and emptied into *conche* or *orci*, great terra-cotta pots glazed within, and large enough for the historic Forty Thieves. *Sansa* is piled around these cruses so as to maintain the contents at an even warmth, since oil is very

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sensitive to temperature. There it is left for ten or fifteen days to settle.

During this time the coarser quality of oil sinks to the bottom, leaving the very purest and finest on the surface. At the end of this time the pure oil, which is clear and bright as golden water, is skimmed off and carefully put into glazed jars and stored in a dark room with a south aspect.

The other qualities are also stored away, each in its own grade.

But, pure as the oil is when it leaves the *chiaritojo*, it is seldom so when it reaches the consumer, as it has hardly left the producers' hands when adulteration begins. Cotton oil, colza oil, . . . all kinds of methods of adulteration are adopted, and these are most difficult of detection. Already in 1905 the Italian Government had offered prizes for the discovery of a method of exposing such adulteration, but no really efficacious one seems to have resulted, though Professor Bechi, an expert Italian chemist, brought forward a method of treating the oil in question with nitrate of silver, and judging of the adulteration by the resulting discoloration.

Italy exports much oil to other countries, and, although such exportation was prohibited during the war, it has now recommenced. Oil also forms a very important part of the domestic economy of the country itself, since it is one of the primary needs of an Italian kitchen, being used in almost all cases where, in northern countries, butter would be used.

For frying, for salads, as the basis of all kinds of vegetable soups and *risotti* and *paste*, and for the *pan' unto* (bread soaked in oil) so popular with the peasants, it is one of the most vital necessities to the housewife, and there were few privations which the people felt more keenly during the war than the scarcity of oil.

Peasant mothers make a nourishing *pappa* for their babies; it consists of oil and water boiled together, with the addition of either flour or breadcrumbs, the whole flavored with a little salt; and on this, and on slices of dark bread thickly sprinkled with oil, the little peasant children grow fat and bonnie and appear to find it a food infinitely to their taste.

In fact, from infancy to age, oil has always played an important part in the life of the Italian, both inwardly and outwardly, since those fargone days when the Romans, most luxurious of bathers, considered the anointing of their bodies as important a matter as the bathing of them; since athletes rubbed their limbs with oil to render them supple; and since old Pier Vettori, whose *Praise of the Olive* was written in the sixteenth century, recorded the quaint reply of one who, questioned as to how he had retained his health and activity into advanced age, answered, 'inside, with apples; outside, with oil.'

And the Italian of to-day, if he has no longer such faith in its outward application, realizes to the full its food value, and knows that among the many treasures of his country there are few that he could so ill spare as those low green and silver trees, which shimmer in the sunlight and whiten in the wind, both along the rich lowlands, and upon the thin-soiled terraced hills.

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THE NEW BARRIE PLAY

THE new Barrie play, whose title was so mysteriously hidden from the public, has had its first performance at the Haymarket Theatre in London. On the whole the play may be said to have met with the usual friendly comment, though the critic of the *Telegraph*, whose review we reprint, thought there was "something wrong with it,' and fears lest the master be losing his magic touch. Barrie's other new fantasy *The Truth about the Russian Dancers*, an account of which was recently given in this department, has likewise had its critics. The *Athenæum*, for instance, gave the playlet short shrift, and spoke of 'Sir James Barrie's unutterable silliness.' Somehow or other, it did seem silly. On the stage, however, it was probably delightful. But to return to the new *Mary Rose*. Let the critic of the *Telegraph* speak.

[HAYMARKET THEATRE]

Mary Rose

Mrs. Otery.....Jean Cadell
Harry .....Robert Loraine
Mr. Morland....Norman Forbes
Mrs. Morland.....Mary Jerrold
Mr. Amy.....Arthur Whitby
Mary Rose.....Fay Compton
(By arrangement with J. E. Vedrenne)
Simon Blake.....Robert Loraine
Cameron.....Ernest Thesiger

When we first see Mary Rose, she is a girl of nineteen who has just fallen in love. Simon Blake, the young sub-lieutenant who has been hitherto her playmate, suddenly grows up and wants her as his wife. When he asks her parents' consent, he learns a strange thing which had happened to Mary Rose seven years before — a thing which the girl herself does not know, but which her parents have decided that they must tell her future husband. It occurred in the Outer Hebrides — that strange country where things undreamed of in a Southerner's philosophy happen in the most natural way. Mary Rose and her father had got into the habit of spending their days on a certain little island in an inland loch, an island of which the natives had a superstitious dread and called by a name which meant 'The island that likes to be visited.' And one day, while she was sketching in full view of her father, who was on the mainland, she vanished. All search for her was vain; and her parents had given her up in despair, when, about a month later, she reappeared on the island as mysteriously as she had vanished. She knew nothing of the interval that had elapsed — it seemed to her like an hour's sleep; and nothing had happened afterwards, except that Mary Rose had occasional fits of 'strangeness.' That is the story. Simon laughs at it, puts it on one side, and marries Mary Rose. Four years later the young couple with their baby Harry come to spend Simon's leave in the same spot where her strange adventures took place. She and Simon picnic on the island itself, attended by Cameron, a young and learned boatman who is 'studying for the ministry,' but none the less shares the superstitious dread of the place of his less

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sophisticated neighbors. He relates Mary Rose's own adventure to herself without stirring a single chord of memory; but while Simon's back is momentarily turned (he is, by prosaic contrast, beating out the remains of their picnic fire), she hears 'the call of the island' once more and vanishes. This time she does not come back. Twenty-five years later we see her parents, grown old and (in her father's case) senile, and her husband who is now a captain and marked out for greatness. The scar left by Mary Rose's disappearance has almost healed. Baby Harry has grown up, we learn, a wild spirit, who ran away from home to Australia and has seldom been heard of since. And then a wire comes from Cameron (now minister in his native place) to say that Mary Rose has come back and that he is bringing her home. When she arrives it is seen that she is different from what they expect; time has stood still during twenty-five years for her. She is still a girl of twenty-three. She cannot believe the evidence of her eyes when she sees her parents and Simon changed; she asks for her baby — and the shock of the discovery of the truth kills her. All this is seen by Harry, now returned to England as an Australian Tommy, in the form of a dream; for he has revisited his childhood's home to find it tumble-down and deserted, and in charge of a terrified caretaker. For it is haunted by the ghost of Mary Rose searching for her lost baby. She has been shut out of the heaven to which the island was a gate, and has no companion on earth either. She appears to Harry; and though he cannot make her understand that he was her baby, yet his coming breaks the spell. Once again she hears the mysterious call, and obeys it — this time never to return.

Sir James Barrie has used here once again the idea whose sadness underlies his masterpiece, *Peter Pan;* the idea of one lover growing old while the other remains young. *Mary Rose* is, indeed, full of beautiful ideas. It would not be Barrie's otherwise. But there is something wrong with it. It has not the true magic. In his best work Barrie is a master at handling sentiment; he is a great humorist; but the real thing which makes him the genius he is is an unnamable something which dives deep down into our inmost being, takes hold with certainty of a nerve whose existence we hardly realized before, and tugs. In *Mary Rose* the unnamable something has lost its certainty; it fumbles for the little nerve, and just fails to find it. *Mary Rose* will not bear comparison with *Dear Brutus.*

In his character-drawing, the dramatist's hand has lost none of its cunning — especially in the case of Cameron, the earnest young Scot, who is a masterly invention; but here and there the dialogue has a tendency actually to drag; here and there the sentiment has a tendency to cloy; and these are faults which are new in Barrie.

Nevertheless, he has still his old power of giving his cast something to call out their best powers. Miss Fay Compton, as Mary Rose, is delightful; she improves with each part she undertakes. In the scene on the island she makes us realize what happiness Mary Rose must have brought into her husband's life so keenly that we can scarcely bear to contemplate his terrible loss. In the last scene — the ghost scene — she is sweet and appealing. Mr. Robert Loraine, who doubles the parts of Simon and his son Harry, has a wonderful chance of displaying his versatility. He is by turns the rough Australian private of twenty-seven, the boyish sub-lieutenant, the young married man, and the grizzled captain of fifty. To each different part he

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brings those subtle changes which show the acute observer and the real artist. The part of Cameron has been already mentioned; it inspires Mr. Ernest Thesiger to a wonderfully true impersonation. Miss Mary Jerrold, who is specializing in mothers nowadays, is very sweet as a true Barrie woman, the concentrated essence of maternity. Miss Jean Cadell, as the nerve-racked caretaker, is as quietly effective as usual, but is given no chance of displaying her rich sense of humor. Mr. Arthur Whitby is excellent as an old clergyman; while Mr. Norman Forbes, though not quite suited by his part, acts well as the father. On the whole, considering the great expectations which a Barrie first night arouses, the keynote of the evening was disappointment — tempered to a very great extent, however, by pleasure.

Mr. John Galsworthy also has a new play, a quite unpleasant one, to judge from the comments in the press. It is called *The Skin Game*. Moral indignation as a steady mental attitude sooner or later weighs down the mind with bitterness; perhaps it is time for Mr. Galsworthy to cease taking this disturbingly immoral world *au grand serieux*. The play deals with two families, the Hillcrists and the Hornblowers, neighbors who quarrel because they are neighbors and because one family represents blue blood, etc., and the other the crude insolence of newly-made wealth, etc. Hornblower, senior, is rather an exaggeration of the familiar type, bouncing and bullying and bawling from the outset. Naturally he hates Squire Hillcrist because he is so quiet and gentlemanly. But it is perhaps a little 'steep' to support him, because of his dislike, buying up the land all round the Squire's just to build chimneys on it and literally smoke him out of his domain. But the junior Hornblowers, obvious bounders, seem to think it all right. There is a good auction scene, at which, of course, Hornblower outbids the Squire for the land. Round No. 1 to Hornblower.

Then Mrs. Hillcrist takes a hand, necessarily a stronger hand than the Squire's, because she has the woman's superior blindness of belief in her cause and total lack of scruple in defending it. She has discovered an ugly secret about a Hornblower daughter-in-law and confronts her in the presence of Hornblower with witnesses to her unmentionable past. Hornblower bellows more loudly than ever, but has to knock under and leave the neighborhood to avoid scandal. Round No. 2 to Hillcrist. But you can't work up an omelet without breaking eggs, or serve up a violent quarrel without disagreeable by-products. One is the attempted suicide of the daughter-in-law and, since she is 'expecting,' the presumed death of an infant Hornblower. The other is a bad taste in the mouth for Squire Hillcrist. What, he reflects, is to be said for an aristocracy that can't stand fire?

It is Mr. Galsworthy's way never to make too trenchant a division between the sheep and the goats. The Hornblowers are shown acting according to their dim lights, and you are made to be sorry for the daughter-in-law. The Hillcrists are allotted their little weaknesses, too, prejudices and exasperating haughtinesses, and Madame, you feel, is rather a beast. They are blessed with a charming daughter, who has none of the family prejudices and freely criticizes her old-fashioned parents. But we cannot forgive her incipient love affair with one of the young Hornblower bounders.

The action of the play is swift and of almost brutal violence. War is declared at the outset in the shrillest tones, and Round 1 is followed without

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a moment's respite by Round 2, with its knockout blow. You feel you have been living in a warm neighborhood where the people begin to throw stones without waiting to see whether they live in glass houses. Is human nature quite so crude and primitive as that? Well, we suppose human nature must just accommodate itself to Mr. Galsworthy's purposes, on condition that he makes a striking play out of it. That he has certainly done.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S *Letters to his children* have appeared in an English edition, and the recent *Spectator* prints an appreciative review comparing 'T. R.' with Walter Scott.

It is a far cry from Sagamore Hill to Abbotsford, but the image of Theodore Roosevelt conjured up by these intensely human and delightful letters reminds us at almost every page of Sir Walter Scott. There are some obvious, if superficial, similarities which strike the reader at once: both were essentially outdoor men, both were animal lovers, both estimated the life of action more highly than the life of thought, both rejoiced in the company of children. But beneath these accidental resemblances, which might well have existed without implying any real community of purpose, there lay depths of character in which 'the Shirra' and the president were more vitally at one. There is about their lives a consistent wholesomeness, a manly fortitude, reinforced by a judgment so firmly balanced as to raise common sense nearly to the level of genius. We feel that they saw the world from the same angle: that if a new problem in conduct were presented to them they would envisage the same facts, form the same opinion, and adopt much the same course of action. They were capable of vivid enthusiasms about matters which the generality of mankind can accept without excitement, but they did not allow their zeal to outrun their discretion; their fundamental sagacity enabled them to assess even enthusiasm at its proper value.

Scott refused to write a biography of Mary Queen of Scots because his opinion was contrary to his reason; and for all Roosevelt's eagerness to shoot bears, he urges his son not to sacrifice his intellect to his body or his character to either. They were both men of the world in the only sense in which that phrase is not an insult; their own warmth and roundness of nature made humanity at large understandable and welcome to them. They recognized the dignity of human nature too thoroughly to wish to isolate themselves from their fellows behind the barrier of conventional stiffness with which mediocrities attempt to conceal and protect their insignificance. Scott was the most unaffected and approachable of mankind, yet few ventured to take liberties with him; and Roosevelt was eager to admit the claims of worth and service to his friendship without cultivating the habit of ill-bred familiarity which is sometimes mistaken for democracy. On one occasion we find him visited with a twinge of conscience for his disregard of the proprieties: he had been celebrating his daughter's birthday with an uproarious romp in the barn, and he writes: 'It seems, to put it mildly, rather odd for a stout, elderly president to be bouncing over hay-ricks in a wild effort to get to goal before an active midget of a competitor, aged nine years. However, it was really great fun.'

To that superbly vitalized spirit life itself was 'really great fun.'

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[*The Spectator*]

WORDS TO THE TUNE OF 'BLACK HORSE LANE'

BY ROBERT GRAVES

Dame Jane the music mistress,
the music mistress;
Sharkie the baker of Black Horse Lane,
At sound of a fiddle
Caught her up by the middle —
And away like swallows from the lane,
Flying out together —
From the crookèd lane.

What words said Sharkie to her,
said Sharkie to her?
How did she look in the lane?
No neighbor heard
One sigh or one word,
Not a sound but the fiddling in Black Horse Lane,
The happy noise of music —
Again and again.

Where now be those two old 'uns,
be those two old 'uns,
Sharkie the baker run off with Jane?
Hark ye up to Flint Street,
Halloo to Pepper-Mint Street,
Follow by the fells to the great North Plain,
By the fells and the river —
To the cold North Plain.

How came this passion to them,
this passion to them,
Love in a freshet on Black Horse Lane?
It came without warning
One blue windy morning
So they scarcely might know was it joy or pain,
With scarce breath to wonder —
Was it joy or pain.

Took they no fardels with them,
no fardels with them,
Out and alone on the ice-bound plain?
Sharkie he had rockets
And crackers in his pockets,
Ay, and she had a plaid shawl to keep off the rain,
An old Highland plaid shawl —
To keep off the rain.

[*The New Witness*]

HOW CAN SHE WEAR A LAUREL WREATH?

BY GEOFFREY DEARMER

How can she wear a laurel wreath
So carelessly and green,
When she is half a child beneath,
And half a gypsy queen?

A grown, grown man's a child to her
And heir of happiness,
And never a beast is wild to her
Nor lone bird motherless.

For her, the Star-Controller's stars
And slice-of-melon moons,
For her, the Breeze-Controller's bars
Of far-off forest tunes.

For her the fox, owl, hunted hare—
All sylvan creatures shy:
And lightless moles look up aware
When she is passing by.

The cormorant will catch for her
The seagull and the swallow,
The water-hen will hatch for her,
Her fluffy friends that follow.

She knows what every woman knows
And yet she holds us dear,
She laughs with all and weeps with those
Who shed a Barrie tear.

None are rebuffed and none reviled
Who 've been where she has been,
For she 's half wild and half a child,
And she 's a gypsy queen.

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